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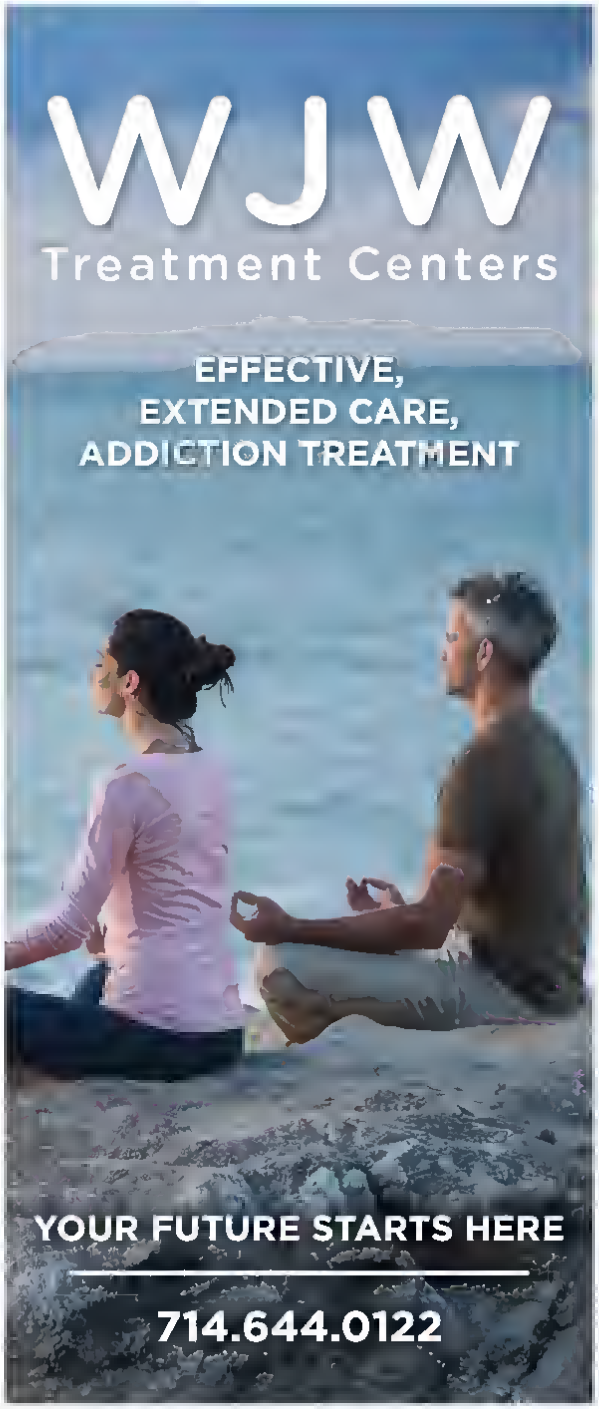

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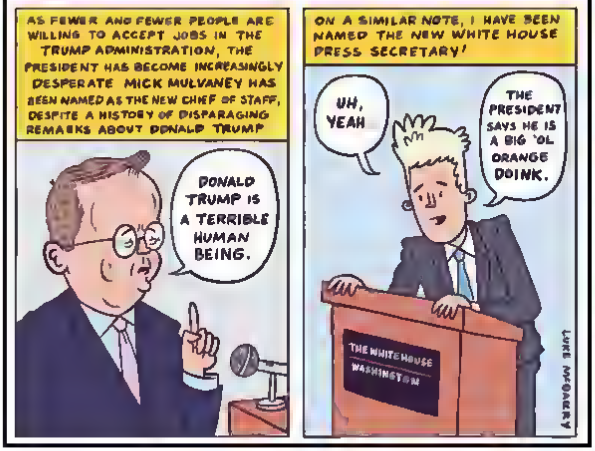

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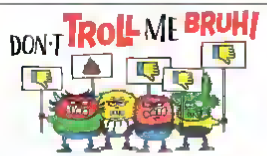


"We will see who gets the last laugh and who is really *loco*. Pam [Patterson] is probably the sanest person in town."
—S. Magee commenting on Gabriel San Román's "SJC Councilwoman Quotes 'QAnon' in Bizarre Farewell Speech"

Our response: Q-vol. We've got our tinfoil hats ready in San Juan Capistrano for when "Q" reveals himself and all Q drops manifest. Where we go Juan, we go all!

Who's On the Line?

Orange County sheriff wants more surveillance software from mysterious spy contractor

BY ANTHONY PIGNATARO

We tend to think of militarized law enforcement as cops fielding assault rifles or riding the streets in armored trucks. But sophisticated surveillance systems also blur the lines between the military and police agencies. Increasingly, local law enforcement, including the Orange County Sheriff's Department (OCSD), has been equipping itself with computer hardware and software once found only in the secretive world of the National Security Agency or Defense Intelligence Agency to spy on suspected drug dealers, gang members and whoever else is deemed a threat.

At its Dec. 18 meeting, the Orange County Board of Supervisors approved a $163,000 sole-source contract with Nebraska-based PenLink to install and support the company's LINCOLN surveillance system in the OCSD wiretap room. The new software, which will intercept and store data traveling over landlines, is for the Sheriff's Regional Narcotics Suppression Program (RNSP).

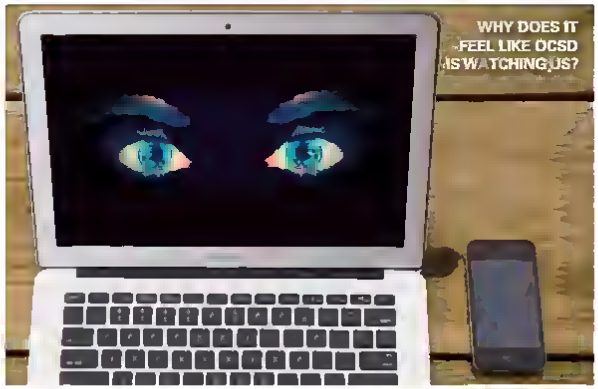
"RNSP works to target, investigate and prosecute subjects involved in large-scale narcotics trafficking and money laundering," states a county staff report on the contract. "Seized illegal proceeds are returned to participating local agencies in the way of civil asset forfeiture."

According to the staff report, RNSP already has PenLink software running in its "wiretap room." This software "provides for the collection, storage and analysis of telephone and internet communications for investigative purposes," according to the report. But that software is now apparently outdated.

"With the advent of new technologies, the current equipment and software is dated," states the staff report. "The purchase-order contract for the one-time purchase and installation of wire-intercept equipment will increase the system's capacity for internet intercept of information."

The report insists such surveillance would only take place after a "court order," which would be reassuring if we were talking about an agency that wasn't beset by the scandals that have marred the OCSD over the past decade. And it doesn't explain what investigators will do with any information about people not accused of committing crimes or under investigation that such surveillance will inevitably scoop up.

PenLink provides a variety of surveillance packages for law enforcement, but according to the contract, the county will be using PenLink's LINCOLN software system. "LINCOLN is a 'Law Enforcement Only' system which enables the electronic monitoring of investigative targets via wiretap. PenLink will provide servers, workstations and all peripherals that comprise this wiretap system, as well as the necessary analytical software compatible with the LINCOLN system and only produced by PenLink."



PRETTYSLEEP1/FIXABAY

But what the software will actually do is difficult to say. For its part, PenLink refused to comment on the new OCSD contract. "For more than 30 years, PenLink has proudly served federal, state and local law enforcement in their efforts to keep safe the places we call home," Anh McClure, the company's marketing director, said in a Dec. 14 email. "PenLink is committed to supporting all those who have dedicated their lives to public service throughout our great country. We do not comment on behalf of any of our customers, and therefore, any questions regarding law-enforcement efforts or programs should be directed to the appropriate agency representatives."

PenLink's website isn't particularly helpful, either. "We bring organized information to the forefront and pull together a more visual landscape of data, giving clarity to complex data for people who need impactful answers now," it states. "Our solutions make it easier to sort and dissect data to find answers."

As for LINCOLN itself, PenLink describes it as the "perfect live collections solution for any CALEA [Communications Assistance for Law Enforcement Act]-based approach to electronic surveillance"—whatever that means. "The core LINCOLN System is built on server hardware and client/server software that is run on a local area network [LAN] in the wireroom," the PenLink website states. "The client workstations on the LAN run a network installation of PenLink software. The collection process itself is controlled by the PenLink 8 client software, which also offers a suite of unparalleled analytical capabilities."

Confused? That's the whole point. *CityLab* did a deep dive into law-enforcement surveillance capabilities, and even its reporters weren't able to discern much about what PenLink's software can actually do. "The Fort Worth Police Department, which secured the acquisition using a DHS Homeland Security Grant program, declined *CityLab*'s request for an interview on its use of PenLink, suggesting we file another public records request," states the Feb. 8, 2017, *CityLab* story "Cellphone Spy Tools Have Flooded Local Police Departments." "And PenLink did not respond to *CityLab*'s request for comment. But publicly available literature on PenLink shows that its products can store and process large amounts of intercepted metadata, allowing officers to create visualizations of individuals' social networks and geolocated calling patterns."

That kind of analysis is very sophisticated and basically means OCSD investigators will be able to create a fairly accurate picture of everyone the person under surveillance interacts with online in real time. Just six months ago the Immigration and Customs Enforcement Agency (ICE) signed a $2.4 million contract with PenLink for a new data-surveillance system. In a June 7 story on the ICE contract, *Newsweek* called PenLink a "little-known surveillance company that mines communications data and provides 'real-time' tracking."

And this isn't the first time Orange County has done business with PenLink. In fact, the staff report for the Dec. 18 Board of Supervisors meeting indicates the OCSD has used the company's software for such purposes on at least two previous occasions, with contracts covering the periods of July 1, 2012, to June 30, 2017, and July 1, 2017, through June 30, 2018.

LETTERS@OCWEEKLY.COM

POLITICAL FOOTBALL

» STEVE LOWERY

Denver Broncos vs. Oakland Raiders

Denver update: I've always found Coloradoans try a bit too hard to emulate the reputed laid-back lifestyle of Southern Californians. It was as if they took the Golden State's surf culture and attempted to adopt it to ski culture, which, as anyone who has watched any movies from the '80s knows, is rife with harshly colored polyester and douchebags named Brad who coast off their dad, who owns the largest Jeep dealership in the region. Fuck you, Brad! But things have flipped. First, of course, it was with weed, which Colorado legalized long before Californians. Now, the state just elected Jared Polis, who became the country's first openly gay governor. And before you say anything, remember Polis is the first "openly" gay governor, so, no, Mike Pence's time as governor of Indiana doesn't count.

Oakland update: Times have always been rough in Oakland, that's part of its special charm, allure and danger. Oakland is the Danny Trejo of cities, which would make neighboring San Francisco the municipal Brad: better looking, more money, always bragging, always scheming. Consider that the Golden State Warriors were based in Oakland for decades and, for most of that time, were a pretty bad NBA team. Nonetheless, locals supported them whole-heartedly. Then, when they became an iconic NBA champion, San Francisco swooped in and began chatting them up, and now the Warriors are leaving Oakland to play in San Francisco. Fuck you, Brad! It's tough being the second banana—you know, what Long Beach plays to Los Angeles, what Stanton plays to Anaheim, what Anaheim plays to Disneyland. Now, Oakland is losing the Raiders to Las Vegas, which is basically Brad with a slew of undisclosed STDs. Though they will lose their beloved Raiders, on the bright side, Oaklanders will also say goodbye to Mark Davis, whose haircut and rather dull-witted actions make him appear like that banjo-playing kid from *Deliverance*, a less attractive Brother-Daddy.

Root for: Oakland. The Raiders are being sued for a few hundred million by Oakland for bolting. In fact, the team may have to leave the city before its stadium is ready in Las Vegas, so it may be looking to crash on some other city's couch for next season. One possible destination mentioned is San Diego, so it might want to start setting up the image now. And, on a personal note, Mike Pence, you just take your time; when the time's right to make your special announcement, just know we'll all be there for you, girl.

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Disorder In the Court

» MATT COKER

CLAYTON-TARVIN

JOHN GILHOOLEY

An Orange County Superior Court judge, who was criticized in May for denying a permanent restraining order request from a Huntington Beach school board trustee, was publicly admonished Dec. 13 over comments he made in a different restraining order hearing.

Judge Timothy J. Stafford, who served on the Orange County bench from September 2013 through his retirement this past September, was chastised by the Commission on Judicial Performance for "inappropriate" comments he made during an April 5, 2017, hearing regarding a woman's request for a restraining order against a co-worker.

The woman had testified that she and the man had been friends before he began making "unwanted sexual advances." It only got worse after she rebuffed him, according to the petitioner, who claims he continued making remarks and sending texts and emails that "crossed the line" or expressed anger that she had cut him off.

The commission zeroed-in on what the judge said as the hearing wound down. He characterized the woman's co-worker as "pretty much the big man on campus, had the bucks in his back pocket, and the petitioner was the best looking girl in school, and he was going to get her any way he possibly could, all night. And she knew it, and she liked it because she got things."

Then there was Stafford's problematic reference to a text message that the woman sent to her husband, asking him to buy her a new car in exchange for performing oral sex with him daily. "If I got a letter from someone or a phone call saying, 'I'll give you a [sex act] every day for the rest of your life for a car,'" hizzoner reasoned, "we will be at the Mercedes dealer pretty soon, but not because I'm married, all right."

Stafford's denial of the restraining order was overturned by the Fourth District Court of Appeal, which ruled the judge "abused his discretion." The commission adds that Stafford's "conduct violated his duty to be dignified and courteous to those with whom he deals in an official capacity."

As my colleague Gabriel San Román reported in May, Ocean View School District Trustee Gina Clayton-Tarvin's request for a permanent restraining order against blogger Charles "Chuck" Johnson was denied by Stafford despite the defendant in his HB Sledgehammer posts having threatened to kill the school board member, take an ax to her family and bomb public meetings.

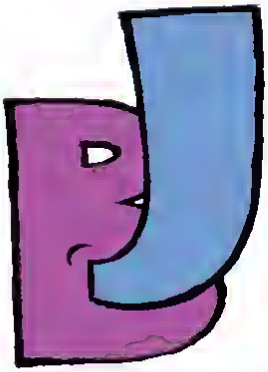
Stafford found Clayton-Tarvin's case for a permanent restraining order "weak," prompting Clayton-Tarvin to label the ruling "reckless," complain that "justice was not served," and admit that she "continued to worry about my safety and that of my family."

MCOKER@OCWEEKLY.COM

HeyYou!

» ANONYMOUS

Family Affair



BOB AUL

Heads up! Thought you should know that your Aunt B has had sex with your husband on multiple occasions—and enjoyed telling me about it. You only need to be concerned if you have a husband, or maybe an ex by now, whose name starts with a J and your morally challenged Aunt B's sister's name starts with an H.

HEY, YOU! Send anonymous thanks, confessions or accusations—changing or deleting the names of the guilty and innocent—to "Hey, You!" c/o *OC Weekly*, 18475 Bandilier Circle, Fountain Valley, CA 92708, or email us at letters@ocweekly.com.

OC WEEKLY'S

MAN of the YEAR

...Is Dennis Rodman. Who else?

By Matt Coker

FEATURE FLASH PHOTO AGENCY

OC Weekly's 2018 Man of the Year is Dennis Rodman, which should ... um ...

Hey, why are you laughing? Stay with me here, people, because when you break it down, there is no one more fitting for the honor than the sometime Orange County resident. (A July *Houston Chronicle* article on Rodman's supposed day-to-day role with a ticket-selling venture mentioned he had a new residence in that Texas city to go along with homes in Las Vegas and Newport Beach.) Wherever the 57-year-old laid his multicolored hairdo on a pillow this year, he was an OC renaissance man without equal.

HOOPS DREAMER

Dennis Keith "The Worm" "The Freak" "Dennis the Menace" Rodman was too short and awkward to play high-school basketball. While working as a night janitor at Dallas/Fort Worth International Airport, he had a 9-inch growth spurt that led to hardwood glory at a junior college, then at Southeastern Oklahoma State and, as the second-round pick in the 1986 NBA draft, the Detroit Pistons.

He helped the Bad Boys win back-to-back championships in 1989 and '90, left for two seasons with the San Antonio Spurs, and then landed with the Chicago Bulls, where he joined Michael Jordan and Scottie Pippen in fitting fingers for three more NBA championship rings. By the time Rodman's 14-year career ended—after stints with the Lakers and Dallas Mavericks—he had made two All-Star appearances and seven All-Defensive First Team rosters. In 2011, he was inducted into the Naismith Memorial Basketball Hall of Fame and watched the Pistons retire his No. 10.

Anyone who follows Rodman on Twitter these days knows he is still full of knowledge and opinions about the game he dominated for so long. Asked to pick between Michael Jordan and LeBron James as the NBA's greatest player, Rodman said, "I would say Jordan, but as I say that, it's amazing how no one includes Kobe [Bryant] with that. ... I think Kobe is better than LeBron was in his early years. Kobe was everything."

Nick "Swaggy P" Young signed with the Denver Nuggets this month, but while playing in the NBA Championship with the Warriors in May, he credited Rodman for his improved defense. "Dennis Rodman came in my dream last night, and I was wondering why he came in my dream. He had the purple hair, all kinds of stuff. He told me, 'Tomorrow, you're going to play a little defense,' and I was like, 'Nah, that's not my game, Dennis Rodman, why you in my dream?' But it just so happened I played a little defense."

HOOPS DREAMER SPAWNER

Rodman's son, Dennis Rodman Jr., also has some serious hoop skills, having buried the game-winning three-pointer at the buzzer in the Dec. 8 final of the North Orange County Championships. The senior at JSerra Catholic High School in San Juan Capistrano finished the game against Lakewood's Mayfair High with 29 points—21 of which he scored in the second half—helping The Worm Jr. make the all-tournament team.

ENTERTAINER

Having entertained the world on such reality-television shows as *The Rodman World Tour*, *Celebrity Rehab With Dr. Drew* and *Celebrity Apprentice* (twice), the star of past films *Cutaway*, *Simon Sez* and *Double Team* was cast this year to play School Trainer Anthony in the family dramedy *Mission: S.O.P.* It's about a 10-year-old girl with a plan to save her family by Christmas. (Get ready to carve D-E-N-N-I-S into your nameplate, Mr. Oscar!) Rodman displayed his standup-comedy chops during July's *Comedy Central Roast* of Bruce Willis, during which he zinged not only the man of the hour, but also his good buddy in North Korea. "Bruce, you keep making these fucking bombs. Well, guess what? So does Kim Jong-Un. But at least Kim is smart enough not to release his." But seriously, folks, ESPN just revealed a new *30 for 30* documentary on Rodman will debut during the 2019 NBA Finals.

MUSIC MAN

Rodman made a musical love connection with Kanye West, after the rapper posted

ON THE RED CARPET ALONE.

PHOTOS BY FEATUREFLASH PHOTO AGENCY

on social media in July that the Bulls power forward had been one of his "biggest inspirations." Knowing Ye was a '90s-era Bulls fan, Rodman shipped Kim Kardashian's husband a signed Chicago jersey, praised him for his "amazing work around the world," invited him to come along with The Worm to North Korea and suggested the pair collaborate on sweet, sweet music. But Rodman is actually a huge Pearl Jam fan, as you can tell by his social media posts from the rock band's concerts across the country. In August, Eddie Vedder and the boys brought Rodman onto the Wrigley Field stage in Chicago, where The Worm told the crowd, "You people here are the only people on this planet Earth [that] gave me support. Thank all you guys!" He then promised to be buried in Chicago when he dies, although Vedder pleaded with him to put that off for as long as possible.

SOBER LIVER (AT TIMES)

The Worm began the year entering rehab yet again because of a DUI arrest (yet again) in Newport Beach. He was clean again as he helped promote his manager Darren Prince's new cautionary book about overcoming substance abuse, *Aiming High: How a Prominent Sports & Celebrity Agent Hit Bottom at the Top*. In a Dec. 11 TMZ story, Rodman admitted making a mistake by hitting the Newport Beach bar scene over the previous two weeks, but he vowed to fight the good fight via AA meetings, which he had stopped going to because they were "boring." Spice 'em up, AA, and you'll have a lifetime 6-foot-7 celebrity endorser who puts the rebound in rebounding.

FASHION ICON

The cover of the May 29, 1995, *Sports Illustrated* had the words "Rare Bird" and a photo of Rodman wearing only a rhinestone dog collar, short leather shorts and a shiny vest as he held a blue parrot. Promoting his autobiography *Bad As I Wanna Be* in 1996, he famously wore a wedding dress. At New York Fashion Week in August 2011, an ad was unveiled with Rodman wearing nothing, making him the first man to pose nude for PETA. His words and actions fed the rise of gender identity, acceptance and letting one's freak flag fly, which is why the Los Angeles fashion brand FTP released photos in November of the "superstar baller" in its various shirts, overcoats and hoodies in bright colors. "From his wild haircuts to his even wilder outfits, The Worm was a certified style icon of the '90s," states the announcement. "Now, he's back to reclaim that title with help from LA's own FTP in the lookbook for the brand's fall 2018 offerings."

AND WITH JEFF ROSS (AS KIM JONG-UN)

STATESMAN

Rodman's greatest contribution to 2018—or any year—was his role in making the planet a safer place. His friendship with Kim Jong-Un dates back to 2013, when Rodman travelled to meet the North Korean leader with a Vice Media reporter and members of the Harlem Globetrotters. Rodman and '90s-era Bulls fan Kim quickly became "friends for life," and there have been five more visits to North Korea. Two trips, including The Worm's last one in 2017, were sponsored by PotCoin, a crypto-cannabis company with logos that are often found on T-shirts Rodman dons. During his last visit to North Korea, he had given Kim a copy of Donald Trump's book *The Art of the Deal*, and coupled with steady cheerleading of the president and having twice been on the *yuuuugely* popular *Celebrity Apprentice*, he figured his services might be called upon during June's Singapore summit. Alas, Trump tweeted that Rodman would not be joining him at the meetings with Kim. Rodman took it in stride, telling Trump (theough the media), "If you get the Nobel Peace Prize, I want you to do one thing for me. I want you to give me a handshake and a hug. That's all I want." After The Worm tearfully exposed all the emotions he was feeling in an interview with CNN at mid-summit, former director of National Intelligence James Clapper told host Chris Cuomo, "I saw a Dennis Rodman that I have never seen before on the course of that interview, and you drew that out of him. A lot more depth there than I think meets the eye, and he does understand Kim Jong-Un, and all the rest of us pundits were kind of amateurs and haven't had that direct contact like he has." When Nikki Haley announced in October that she would be leaving as UN Ambassador at the end of the year, Rodman tweeted, "Should I replace #NikkiHaley as #UNAmbassador?" It was directed to us@realDonaldTrump and included a video of The Worm on a horse.

JUSTA GOOD DUDE

A fellow named Bobby was celebrating his 60th birthday at Casa Machado Restaurant in San Diego on June 4 when members of his party recognized Rodman. (How could they miss him?) The family asked for a photo with The Worm, but according to TMZ, he instead sang "Happy Birthday" to the surprised fellow.

In the end, Rodman is just a solid, albeit freaky-deaky, dude helping to make the world a better place. At a live Q&A in Chicago this past April, he was genuinely surprised so many seats were filled. "To me, it's shocking to see these people here," he said. "Because people look at me and don't take me too serious. They think I'm always doing this, doing that, going to North Korea, doing all this crazy stuff, right? They don't take me too serious. They think I'm always having a good time. But my life has changed so much. I think I'm one of the few people on the planet who has a very diverse life. I don't need to be in basketball. I don't need to be a coach. I don't need to do all that stuff to be known or to be seen. I think I'm doing enough good things in the world people can say, 'Wow, he's actually changed his life around from being the wild animal to this human being.' So I'm pretty proud of that."

RUNNER UP

BRIAN CALLE

If you've recently tried to pick up an *OC Weekly* at one of your local neighborhood racks, but noticed something that resembles a cheap rip-off of *OC Weekly* sitting on top of our newspapers, then you are already familiar with the *Irvine Weekly*. The brain-child of Brian Calle, a former *Weekly* Scariest Person of the Year, the *Irvine Weekly* is a brand-new publication boasting a supposed circulation of 100,000 issues and whose business model seems to be pretending to be *OC Weekly* (except without any real journalism) and using our newspaper racks to confuse the shit out of people.

Calle, of course, is the libertarian-leaning former *OC Register* editorial director who last fall purchased the flailing *LA Weekly* and promptly fired just about everyone on staff with no warning, explanation or even follow-up plan. He installed as a new editor a former corporate art director for previous owner Voice Media Group, who seems to be big on photo essays. In any case, Calle's purchase of the paper essentially killed the city's vaunted alt-weekly institution (which just "celebrated" its 40th anniversary), given it hasn't published a single noteworthy story in 12 months and is still in the throes of a freelancer-led intellectual boycott.

A few weeks after *OC Weekly* exposed the purchase of the paper by Calle and a network of shady Orange County investors, many of them involved in Republican party circles and cannabis-industry concerns, I met with the man at a coffee shop in—wait for it—Irvine. He seemed nice enough, but also completely befuddled as to how his hackneyed effort to form a secretive group of politically conservative investors and weed bros to take over one of America's oldest, most-beloved alt-weekly papers had somehow backfired.

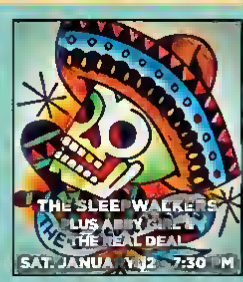
By the time we met, angry freelancers had already held a public funeral for the *LA Weekly* and organized a campaign to not only boycott writing for the paper, but also systematically target its advertisers, including Amoeba Records, which forced Calle to cancel the paper's successful Essentials food event. I planned to write about my surreal meeting with Calle (who at one point—half-jokingly, I think—offered me a job as *LA Weekly* editor), but that almost felt like it would be kicking a little kid who had just dropped his toy, while everyone else was already stomping on the shattered pieces.

Why pile on? We had bigger targets to go after, such as since-ousted Orange County District Attorney Tony Rackauckas and Surfin' Congressman/Putin sock puppet Dana Rohrabacher. What I didn't realize at the time is that Calle, according to a breach-of-contract lawsuit filed by his chief partner in the takeover deal, marijuana attorney David Welch, never really had any plans to make *LA*

» CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

LIVE MUSIC IN DTSA

ORIGINAL MIKES 100 S. MAIN ST., SANTA ANA

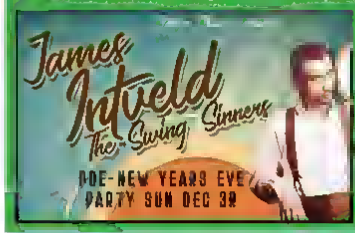


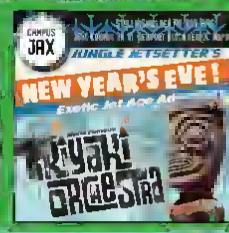
THE YOST 307 N SPURGEON ST., SANTA ANA

Holiday Shows

at CAMPUS JAX 3950 Campus Dr. Newport Beach

BLUES SHOWS COMING SOON:
JANIVA MAGNESS, NEW BREED BRASS BAND, KINGFISH





TICKET SALES & MORE INFO: WWW.STELLARSHOWS.NET

CALLE. WHO, ME?

REASONTV INTERVIEW SCREENSHOT

MAN *of the* YEAR

» FROM PAGE 9

Weekly work, perhaps aside from presumably using its advertising platform as a money-laundering scheme for his investors' various marijuana interests.

As it turns out, Calle was already earning $120,000 per year to work as a "chief marketing director" for the Orange County cannabis company Kurvana, simply for agreeing to land them favorable press. According to the lawsuit, Calle allowed *LA Weekly* to publish a favorable review of a Kurvana product without disclosing his relationship to the company, as well as letting it run prominent ads without bothering to pay its bills, to the tune of tens of thousands of dollars.

Meanwhile, Welch claims, Calle tried to finagle himself a salary of $135,000 per year to run *LA Weekly* into the ground (not to mention a similarly priced bonus for setting up the deal). Even more disturbingly, Welch's lawsuit claims Calle was trying to enrich himself for running the paper into the ground even as he was secretly conspiring with a pair of investors to get another paper off the ground, the aforementioned *Irvine Weekly*.

The rag's roughly 15-page inaugural issue featured a closeup photograph of a nauseating, technicolor-sprinkled hamburger and a ripped-from-the-press-release puff piece concerning a food court in Irvine. A more recent issue highlighted the corporate-friendly dining spot the Diamond Jamboree Center, where you can find everything from "dancing noodles to milky buns and everything in between."

Other than the fact that Calle's newest venture includes no real journalism whatsoever, the only thing that makes it interesting is the paper's obvious, if rather pathetic, attempt to mimic *OC Weekly*. The logo, the shape, the cover layout: all of it is designed to confuse readers into thinking we have something to do with this publication. And the fact that it is being purposefully dumped on top of our issues is unacceptable.

After the first issue with the exploding clown burger on the cover, I texted Calle to let him know that his folks were poaching our racks. He apologized and promised to look into it. It's still happening, though. At a Costa Mesa restaurant the other day, I spotted a bunch of Calle's papers on top of our rack, so I dropped them on the pavement where they belong. The owner, who happened to be walking out the front door, spotted me doing this and seemed confused for a moment. "I thought this paper had something to do with you guys," he explained. "Except then I tried to read it, and it really, really sucks." *(Nick Schou)*

HONORABLE MENTIONS

JACOB WOHL

Though still years away from legally being able to rent a car, Jacob Wohl is a genius. He's like one of those crazy-smart kids who master chess at age 5, though in his case, he's taken the art of becoming famous for doing stupid shit to Olympian heights. Of course the kid lives in Irvine and is the world's biggest Trump supporter; he practically has the words "I was raised by FOX News" tattooed on his forehead. Banned for life from trading by the National Futures Association at the age of 20 for defrauding investors? Check. Masterminded a plot to frame Special Counsel Robert Mueller for sexual misconduct that involves an investigation firm that seems to exist only on paper and has a phone registered to his mother? Check, check and check. Never mind that everyone on Twitter except the mouth-breathing white-supremacist portion (which is, admittedly, kinda huge and scary) thinks Wohl is the king of the douchebros—NBC News just did a big story on him! That means he's a winner, right? Look, any idiot can become famous these days by defrauding investors or trying to discredit a renowned law-enforcement investigator, but to do so in ways that are so transparently dumb and insulting takes a balls-out genius so hammered on his own sense of entitlement that even Machiavelli would ask him to dial it back a notch. *(Anthony Pignataro)*

PAM PATTERSON

Four years ago, Pam Patterson stood atop the field as the lead vote-getter in San Juan Capistrano's at-large City Council elections. But then, something happened. She championed a council resolution to oppose California's so-called "Sanctuary State" law this year, which earned her a trip to the White House to meet with President Donald Trump. There, Pammy

blabbered about terrorists crossing the border and how an attack would make San Onofre the next Fukushima. What a MAGA moment, eh? But a month before she went national, Patterson simply had to order food for a catered city meeting. But she refused to do so out of concern that the restaurant owners "are or were Middle Eastern" and probably served halal food because of it. Next, Patterson dragged her feet in turning over private-account emails about public business to the *Weekly* in a records request roil that lasted seven months and cost $77,000 after a political ally sued her to tie up any turnovers. All that was left was a re-election to lose. She raised a whole $185 on GoFundMe alone while a spiffy "Capistrano Shuffle" video highlighted her hypocrisies set to a groove. At the end of it all, Patterson placed a distant second in an election by district. There's nothing Pammy could do, save for quoting QAnon in her farewell-speech mic drop, a stunt that put her city in national headlines again—and not in a good way. *(Gabriel San Román)*

MICKEY MOUSE

It's been 90 years since Mickey Mouse first whistled and wheeled his way into America's heart in *Steamboat Willie*. The famed critter celebrated with a great fiscal year; money came out of his mouse ears thanks to Disney dominating the movie industry, *Solo: A Star Wars Story* aside. Theme-park revenues also ticked upward, ending with billions in the black. The only hardship for Mickey came in the form of those pesky theme-park and hotel workers in Anaheim who banded their unions together and commissioned a study on cast-member poverty. Tales of woe, from sleeping in cars to skipping meals, dampened Disney's otherwise-dapper days. The report, coupled with a living-wage initiative tied to tax-rebate agreements Mickey Mouse otherwise enjoyed, dominated international headlines for months. Disney responded by calling on Anaheim's local government to cancel a pair of subsidy deals that almost sucked the life out of the living-wage campaign. But voters passed the measure in a close vote, anyway. Mickey Mouse has been on a good-corporate-citizen parade since then, trying to repair Disney's public image with every philanthropic check. But if the House of the Mouse starts off the New Year defying Anaheim's resort-area minimum-wage law in preparation for litigation, it will be Villains Day at the park again. *(GSR)*

THE HOLY FIRE GANG

At around 1 p.m. on Aug. 6, Frank R.'s Cabin 15 on Trabuco Creek Road in Holy Jim Canyon burst into flames. By 7 p.m. that night, strong, dry winds spread the fire across 1,200 acres of the Cleveland National Forest. The fire ravaged communities along both sides of the Santa Ana Mountains. By the time the Holy Fire was fully contained on Sept. 13, it had destroyed 23,136 acres of forest, scorched 18 structures and injured three firefighters.

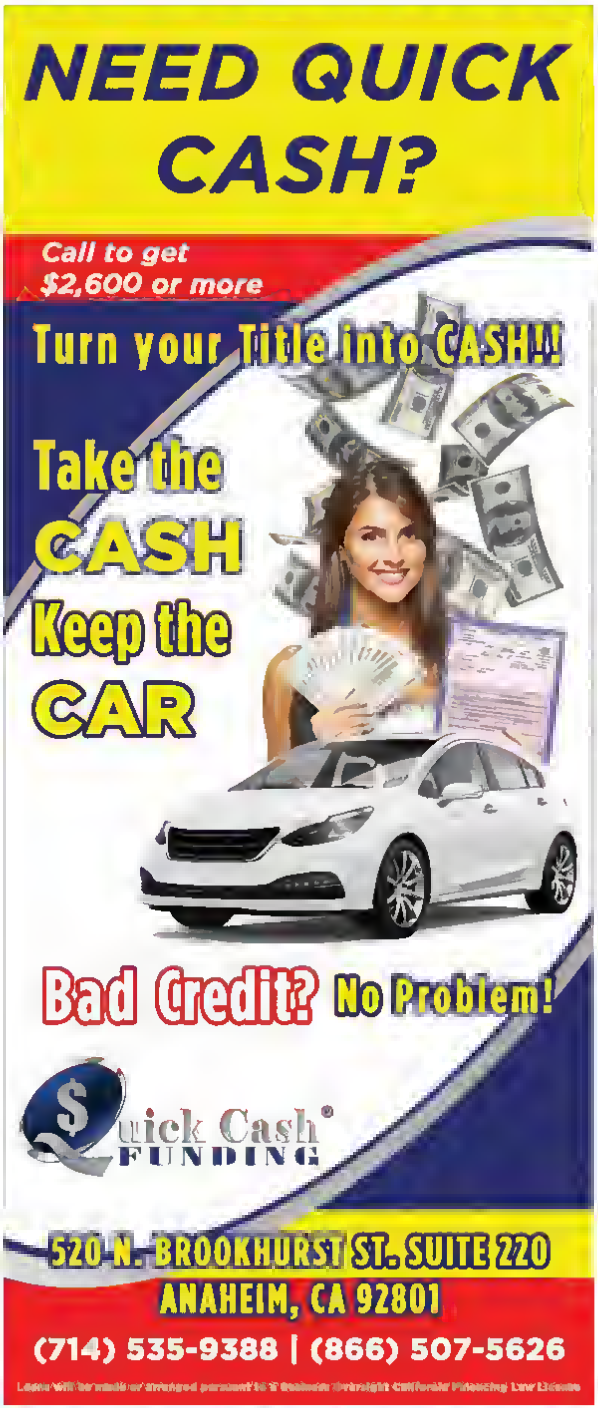
The Holy Fire made international headlines not because of its size, but because of the bizarre sideshow of characters it brought out.

The alleged arsonist behind the Holy Fire, Forrest Gordon Clark (a.k.a. White Trash Jesus) became the center of a media storm thanks to a series of increasingly strange acts, highlighted by the release of his email to Holy Jim Volunteer Fire Chief Michael Milligan, which threatened, "This place will burn!" Then, Clark's courtroom antics—which nearly rendered him mentally unfit to stand trial—drew crowds to the Santa Ana courthouse. Of course, the OC Fire Authority's arson investigation recently named Milligan as a likely suspect.

And then there's Ashley Bemis, a San Clemente woman who allegedly swindled $11,000 through a fraudulent firefighter-relief fund. Via Facebook, Bemis conned people into donating money, mattresses and foodstuffs, which she said would be given directly to undersupplied firefighters by her firefighter husband Shane Goodman. Turns out, Shane didn't exist, and Bemis was a practiced con artist.

Although Bemis made it onto *Dr. Phil* last month, and Clark's story made it to *Rolling Stone* and *The Sun* U.K., it's important to remember they're innocent until proven guilty. *(Liam Blume)*

LETTERS@OCWEEKLY.COM



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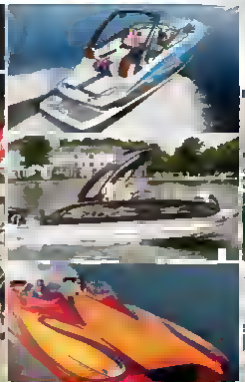
Come see the largest selection of boats on the West Coast, latest marine gear and tech gadgets, accessories — and anything and everything a boater needs to kick off the new year. The LA Boat Show is a one-stop shop for water enthusiasts . . . no couch potatoes here!



*calendar

friday›
IS IT 2018? OR 1971?

JEFF MILTON

fri/12/21

[FOOD & DRINK]

C Is for Cookie
Holiday Cookie Crawl

Who doesn't like cookies? Only people who hate fun, that's who. And people who hate fun have no business stopping by today's holiday cookie crawl at Pacific City, where multiple retailers will provide participants free treats to enjoy right before a screening of *The Polar Express*. Reserve a cookie bag online, meet up at the big movie screen on Level 2, then walk through the mall for an hour to collect sweets from participating stores. Not only is this a cool way to get to know this Huntington Beach hot spot, but it's also a neat way to get your hands on some tasty baked goods.

Holiday Cookie Crawl at Pacific City, 21010 Pacific Coast Hwy., Huntington Beach, www.gopacificcity.com. 4:30 p.m. Free. —AIMEE MURILLO

MORE ONLINE OCWEEKLY.COM

[CONCERT]

NATIVE SON
The Blank Tapes

What the Kinks did for village greens and Muswell Hill is what Matt Adams and the Blank Tapes do for a certain kind of mythic California—it's a state (of mind?) that stretches from the surf to the beach through the desert to the mountains, where traffic jams are just an opportunity to make up new melodies. His latest album, *Candy*, saw him unfolding his psychedelia-in-slow-mo aesthetic to touch not only the Kinks, but also the Dead, the Jesus and Mary Chain, and more, and it closes on a positively celestial note. If you've been around OC rock & roll any time this century, you've probably walked the same path as Adams once or twice. It's a credit to the man that he's still finding new places to stop and appreciate the view.

The Blank Tapes with Killer Kaya and Creatures Choir at the Wayfarer, 943 W. 19th St., Costa Mesa, (949) 764-0039; wayfarercm.com. 8 p.m. $10. 21+. —CHRIS ZIEGLER

sat/12/22

[CONCERT]

Spread the Oi!
Vandals Winter Formal

It's holiday time, and as it's seemingly a rite of passage for any music fan in the area, that means it's time for the Vandals Winter Formal. Now in its 23rd edition, the lovable local punks return home for the holidays and will likely feature another rendition of the band's 1996 holiday album, *Oi to the World!* The band rarely, if ever, play the songs from this record, which is just one reason why the Winter Formal is special for Orange County fans. This once-a-year show is a great time to introduce new fans to the band or take it in with die-hards, but no matter who you go with, the one thing that's guaranteed is that the Vandals will make it a night to remember.

Vandals Winter Formal with Audio Karate and the Last Gang at the House of Blues at Anaheim Garden Walk, 400 Disney Way, Ste. 337, Anaheim, (714) 778-2583; www.houseofblues.com/anaheim. 7 p.m. $22. —WYOMING REYNOLDS

[FOOD & DRINK]

WHO'S THIRSTY?
12 Bars of Xmas—A Very '70s Xmas

Unlike other bar crawls, downtown Fullerton's 12 Bars of Xmas breaks out different themes to make its annual December event a little extra merry and bright. This year, hoards of boozed-up denizens will parade down Commonwealth and Harbor dressed in their best '70s Christmas attire. Expect everything from red-and-green leisure suits to sparkly bell bottoms to vintage ugly Christmas sweaters. And there's no need to be a Christmas-observing drinker either—all lovers of barhopping are welcome! The organizers advise you to eat well, dress weather-appropriate and bring plenty of cash, too, for the safest and grooviest holiday yet!

12 Bars of Xmas—A Very '70s Xmas starts at Angelo's and Vinci's, 550 N. Harbor Blvd., Fullerton, www.facebook.com/12barsofxmas. 5 p.m. Free; drinks sold separately. 21+. —AIMEE MURILLO

sun/12/23

[THEATER]

Lost and Found Love

Missed Connections

The clever, wickedly provocative thespians of Orange County Store Front Theatre's All-Stars present staged readings from the best (or worst) of the popular Craigslist trope of the lovelorn scribe, with a jolly disclaimer that online "Missed Connections" posts do indeed contain adult language about adult topics. This one-night-only holiday show reviews a year of those excited, aroused, broken-hearted, inappropriate, often filthy, would've/could've, near-romantic un-moments, fantasies and laments for romance—actual posts!—that dared not, could not or should not be realized. Dramaturgy meets desire, with the actors hoping, they claim, to live up to their disclaimer.

Missed Connections at STAGEStheatre, 400 E. Commonwealth Ave., Ste. 4, Fullerton, (714) 525-4484, stagesoc.org. 7 p.m. $22. —ANDREW TONKOVICH

[FAMILY EVENTS]

Tasty Science

'The Science of Gingerbread'

Discovery Cube invites one and all to bake and partake in SoCal's largest Gingerbread Competition and Display, plus other daily programs such as Winter Sleighs, in which you design and build your own holiday vehicle, Elves Workshop, which allows you to construct a toy contraption, Climate Discovery, offering experiments with Fahrenheit; and the daily stage show *Sweet Structures*, in which visitors learn the fundamentals of design and engineering in the kitchen. There's also cookie-decorating activities, of course, so run, run, as fast as you can—and spend the day with a gingerbread man!

"The Science of Gingerbread" at Discovery Cube, 2500 N. Main St., Santa Ana, (714) 542-2823, www.oc.discoverycube.org. 10 a.m. Through Jan. 6, 2019. $14.95-$19.95. —SR DAVIES

mon/12/24

[FAMILY EVENTS]

Let It Snow

Winter Fest OC

Wanna go ice tubing down an eight-lane slide? How about ice skating? All-purpose frolicking in the snow? No, we're not selling plane tickets to Chicago, we're telling you about Winter Fest, an enormous two-and-a-half-week winter fun zone at the OC Fairgrounds. There will be carolers, characters, stage shows, a walk-through show with 2 million lights, carnival rides, nightly tree-lighting ceremonies, fireworks and faux snow flurries. Enjoy holiday-themed foods, then tell Santa whether you've been naughty or nice this year.

Winter Fest at OC Fairgrounds, 88 Fair Dr., Costa Mesa, (714) 708-1500; winterfestoc.com/. 2 p.m. $6-$69. Through Jan. 6, 2019. —SCOTT FEINBLATT

tue/12/25

[NIGHTLIFE]

Shake a Tail Feather

Oogum Boogum Two-Year Anniversary

It was late on a Christmas night two years ago that we were gifted an incredible, new club to shake our seasonal doldrums away, and we've been anxiously awaiting the next installment of Oogum Boogum every month since. To celebrate tonight's joyous occasion, DJs Moonjelly, Nut and X will present live vinyl sets as guests descend upon the dance floor once more to get down to the infectiously danceable rhythms pounding from the speakers. Ditch the in-laws, get over the holiday run-off and raise a glass to another two years!

Oogum Boogum Two-Year Anniversary at Continental Room, 115 W. Santa Fe Ave., Fullerton, (714) 526-4529; www.facebook.com/ContinentalRoom. 9 p.m. Free. 21+. —AIMEE MURILLO

wed/12/26

[NIGHTLIFE]

Wednesday-Night Fever

Disco Formal

Fellas, dig through that closet for your fanciest suit and tie; ladies, it's time to bring that sparkly evening gown back into commission. Tonight's installment of the weekly Modern Disco Ambassadors (MDA) dance free-for-all invites guests to come dressed a little extra-nice for a special Disco Formal. Bring your favorite company and sweat to MDA's regular DJs spinning nothing but disco all night long. If you've ever been to an MDA show, you know how fun and wild this long-running club night can get; otherwise, dress up and surrender to the unrelenting fever of the beats these party people have in store for you.

MDA Wednesdays: Disco Formal at La Cave, 1695 Irvine Ave., Costa Mesa, www.followmda.com. 10 p.m. $5. 21+. —AIMEE MURILLO

[NIGHTLIFE]

HARMONY IN OUR HEADS

Holiday Hangover Karaoke

We made it: Christmas is over! And we don't have to hear another annoying holiday song until at *least* next Halloween. So if you're not hurting too bad from yesterday's festivities, head to Long Beach's Alex's Bar for a special rendition of its usual Wednesday-night shindig: Holiday Hangover Karaoke. Sign up early for your favorite song—but if you even *dare* pick that one torturous Mariah Carey number, you *will* be booed offstage. Plus, Holiday Hangover Karaoke is free, which is awesome because everybody's completely broke right now. Here's to several months of Christmas-free bliss!

Holiday Hangover Karaoke at Alex's Bar, 2913 E. Anaheim Blvd., Long Beach, (562) 434-8292; www.alexsbar.com. 9 p.m. Free. 21+. —ERIN DEWITT

thu/12/27

[NIGHTLIFE]

IN YOUR FEELS

My Chemical Christmas: MCR & Emo Night

Maybe you didn't get the gift you wanted for Christmas, or you discovered your ex found someone new. Or maybe you just enjoy a good, cathartic screaming once in a while (we know we do). Scream for your life at tonight's romp at Club '90s, where DJs will provide musical accompaniment to your internal emotional pain. They'll be spinning tunes from the emo king Gerard Way, whose tortured vocals for My Chemical Romance have been the soundtrack for many a blackened soul, as well as Dashboard Confessional, Modern Baseball, AFI and Fall Out Boy. These bands have been there for some of your darker, more confusing life moments, so tonight's nostalgia trip should be especially fun. Don't forget your eyeliner!

My Chemical Christmas: MCR & Emo Night at the House of Blues at Anaheim GardenWalk, 400 Disney Way, Ste. 337, Anaheim, (714) 778-2583, www.houseofblues.com/anaheim. 9:30 p.m. $15. —AIMEE MURILLO

[LECTURES]

Tip of Your Tongue

Timeless Melodies—Famous Movie Songs

Little do most of us know about what makes music so important to a movie. Even fewer of us are aware of how certain movies have permeated our culture through their music. Today's Timeless Melodies lecture hopes to close the knowledge gap on the ways certain songs have had a lasting effect on audiences because of how well they underscore the scene. Learn about some of the most iconic songs through film history (we're positive you've heard of 'em), how they've changed the way we experience moviegoing and other interesting nuggets of information. Music historian Larry Maurer leads the way on a fantastic trip through some of the most memorable film music of all time.

Timeless Melodies—Famous Movie Songs at the Bowers Museum, 2002 N. Main St., Santa Ana, (714) 567-3600, www.bowers.org. 1:30 p.m. $12. —AIMEE MURILLO

Northern Hospitality

There's probably something specifically Northern italian at Davio's, but you should focus on the steaks, the gnocchi and the service

BY EDWIN GOEI

Let's just say you're actually looking for a restaurant that serves the cuisine of Northern Italy. You'd be expecting dishes featuring rich cream sauces rather than the bright tomato ones popular in the South. You'd also be keen to how Northern Italian cooks use butter more than olive oil and favor polenta, risotto and gnocchi over pasta. But when you go to Davio's—which bills itself as a "Northern Italian Steakhouse"—you will struggle to understand where the spring roll appetizer fits in.

Yes, that's right. Spring rolls—not unlike the Chinese kind—are the restaurant's most popular appetizer. In fact, they're Davio's trademark foodstuffs, with at least four varieties sporting a registered trademark symbol next to their names on the menu. Further research reveals that these spring rolls are also sold in the frozen foods aisle of Costco, Gelson's and some 7-Elevens.

Even if it reminds you of a *Ratatouille* plot point, you should order them. The restaurant offers an easy way to decide, with a sampler featuring all five kinds for $19. Each roll is halved and standing upright in a puddle of sauce. The Philly Cheese Steak Spring Roll® sits in ketchup and mayo. The Buffalo Chicken Spring Roll® gets a blue cheese dressing. The Chicken Parm Spring Roll® nearly drowns in a peppy marinara. And although you can't tell the citrus aioli on the Shrimp Cotija Spring Roll® apart from the lemon aioli of the spinach and feta, you find the rolls taste of their filling. The spinach and feta reminds you of a spanakopita. You'll end up liking them all, because, let's face it: anything bundled in egg-roll skin and deep-fried is never not good.

At this point, you'll decide it's best to not think too hard about what's Northern Italian or otherwise here. Instead, enjoy Davio's for what it is: a chain born in Boston that now has 10 locations, including this one in a stand-alone building nestled under a high-rise office complex.

This first West Coast Davio's is a white-table-cloth kind of establishment, a corporate-run restaurant for corporate types. And aside from the red glow of heat lamps in the open kitchen, the restaurant is all beige and muted colors.

A basket of hot-from-the-oven popovers starts the meal, and they're better than the Yorkshire pudding served one block over at Gulliver's. These overgrown pastry puffs have crisp exteriors like a baguette and cavernous, eggy, moist interiors like a Dutch Baby. They're the best popovers in Orange County, and here, they're free and infinitely refillable.

WHERE'S THE BEEF?

You could conceivably use them to scoop up the appetizer of American Kobe meatballs since the meat is that soft. The meatballs come two to a serving and are lavished with a bright tomato sauce that zings the back of your mouth as the meat melts in the front. It's the softness of these meatballs that makes you realize it's the texture of the dishes, not their regionality, that's key to everything you eat here.

For instance, the gnocchi served with a creamy organic-mushroom-and-white-truffle-oil-scented sauce is classically northern, but it's their cloud-like tenderness that sends your eyes to the back of your head. The potato pillows are so yielding you could mistake them for marshmallows.

There are steaks here, of course, served in a steakhouse manner at steakhouse prices ranging from an 8-ounce flat-iron for $31 to a 30-ounce Porterhouse for $80. Somewhere in between, there's even a 3-ounce Japanese A5 Wagyu for $65, which works out to $346 per pound when you do the math. Each steak is served à la carte, which means you'll need to order the sides separately.

But then you notice the flat-iron can also come fully plated with broccoli rabe and Parmigiano fries for $35, saving you at least $20. And the steak is everything you expect from a steakhouse: crusted to a flavorful char, cooked flawlessly, every chew of the sanguine flesh absent of the gristle

PHOTOS BY MERCEDES DEL REAL

and impurities of a lesser cut of meat. Its richness is offset by the bracing bitterness of the greens, and with the fries, it's practically French steak frites.

At the end of the meal, the waitress will wheel over the dessert cart, on which you'll see a wiggly panna cotta, chocolate cake and crème brûlée. After you finish your dessert, she might tell you she'll get a fresh-baked batch of popovers for you to take home instead of the cold ones left in your basket. It's then you'll know that when you come back to Davio's, it won't be because of its purported Northern Italian regionality, but rather for its "northern" hospitality . . . and yes, those popovers!

DAVIO'S

18420 Von Karman Ave., Ste. 100, Irvine, (949) 477-4810, davios.com. Open for lunch, Mon.-Fri., 11:30 a.m.-3 p.m., for brunch, Sun., 11 a.m.-3 p.m., and for dinner, Sun.-Tues., 5-10 p.m., Wed.-Sat., 5-11 p.m. Appetizers, $15-$19; entrées, $14-$80. Full bar

WHAT THE ALE

» GREG NAGEL

Wine vs. Beer

If I were to place an apple and an orange in front of you and ask which is better, you'd probably say, "That's a dumb metaphor," then promptly throw each of them at my crotch. Deservedly so. Each has varieties that span different visual, aromatic and flavor profiles. Scientifically speaking, each packs different acidity, sugar content and nutrition. From a physics standpoint, each one would bounce off my crotch in a similar trajectory when thrown at a high rate of speed, sending me buckling to the ground . . . *ouch*.

But if I were to put a cluster of cabernet grapes, a bag of fresh malted barley and a fistful of fresh whole cone hops in front of you, the question of which is better becomes insanely intricate. Forget for one minute that wine and beer have thousands of variables that affect the final flavor. Each relies on the perfect setting, tasty food, beloved company and creative producer to bring its spirit alive.

During your finest meals this holiday season, pick out a few basic pairings to entertain your guests, then pose the question to them. Grab a fresh local pilsner and chardonnay to go with a cheese platter. Grab a Belgian tripel and pinot noir for your main meal, and Samuel Smith's Chocolate Stout and a port wine to pair with dessert. Will you discover which is better? Probably not, but at least you and your guests will have a smashing time trying.

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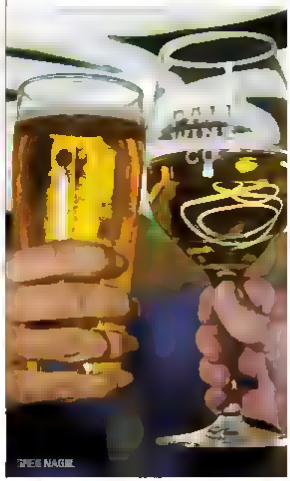

GREG NAGEL

ERIN DEWITT

Multicultural Flavors

Casa Chaskis serves up good vibes and Peruvian comfort food

LongBeachLunch
» ERIN DEWITT

A lot has happened in the life of chef Agustin Romo since we last featured him in Long Beach Lunch. His Peruvian comfort dishes, once only available by ordering through Instagram and having them delivered, often by Romo himself, can now be enjoyed in the comfort of a brick-and-mortar restaurant.

"I ran and worked in many kitchens, and that was a lot of fun, but at the end, they weren't mine," says Romo. "As I was working with Chaskis [online], the No. 1 question asked to me was 'Where is your restaurant?' The answer was always the same: 'We don't have one.'"

Casa Chaskis opened just a few weeks ago in a sleepy part of West Long Beach, surrounded by small homes and a scattering of businesses on Santa Fe Avenue just south of Willow Street. "I never really thought about opening a restaurant on the west side of Long Beach, I just knew I wanted it to be in the city where I grew up," says Romo. "Long Beach in the past years has become such a big foodie city that I knew a Peruvian addition would be a welcomed one."

Casa Chaskis is comfortable, with a good vibe that can't be designed or decorated. Maybe it's the open-air patio casually strung with lights, the just-so mismatched tables and chairs, Peruvian music piped in, or the cheerful sayings written in rainbow chalk on the blackboard-painted walls. (On the day I visited, the Peruvian word of the day was *sumaq punchay*, meaning "it's a beautiful day.") Maybe it's Romo himself, affable and charming, with an ever-present smile, qualities passed on to his attentive staff.

Meals here start with a trio of warmed rolls, butter pats, and a little jar of a creamy sauce made of aji and huacatay, a Peruvian black mint. It's spicier than it looks.

Note to *gabachos*: Unless you're already familiar with Peruvian cuisine, prepare to ask your server some questions about the menu, as there are no English descriptions save for the beverages section.

Start off with the piqueos (appetizers), such as the papa à la huancaina, potatoes in a yellow cream sauce; chicharron de calamar, crispy fried calamari, or the empanada de carne, a flaky little pie stuffed with finely seasoned ground meat, sweet veggies and raisins, accompanied by a small bowl of onion-heavy vinaigrette.

The lomo saltado is a popular Peruvian stir-fry of steak strips, red onions, tomatoes and French fries, all covered in a deeply colored soy-sauce broth. This is an essential order at Casa Chaskis, if just for the French fries that soak up all that beef-flavored au jus. It would surely do wonders for a hangover.

"I have always been inspired by the seasonal vegetables and whatever looks good in the market, so that's how I would choose what dishes I would make each week for delivery," explains Romo. "So when I created the menu for Casa Chaskis, it was a no-brainer. I had to bring in all the crowd favorites."

There is a lot of meat and fish on this menu, but Casa Chaskis does cater to vegans. The ensalada de quinoa in particular is bright and savory, with a heaping portion of greens, red onions and tomatoes. It's made hearty with garlicky quinoa and dried fruit.

Alfajores, flaky shortbread cookies sandwiching buttery caramel and dusted with powdered sugar, are available at the front desk in to-go containers, ready to be eaten before you can get home.

"We just want to focus on what we've always done, which is make really simple, classic, Peruvian home-cooked food," Romo says. "It's what we do best."

CASA CHASKIS
2380 Santa Fe Ave., Long Beach, (562) 612-3305

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PHOTOS BY GREG NAGEL

Modern Pub Fare

Pickled Monk in Fullerton

Writing about another place to drink in Fullerton is akin to shining a light on a new Starbucks. There are, after all, probably more beer bars per square inch in downtown Fullerton than in New Orleans. But when I saw executive chef David Fuñe's name attached to a new craft beer/cocktail eatery, I knew Pickled Monk would be so much more than your average gastropub. Fuñe is one of those OC chefs to follow, not just for his John Leguizamo-ish laugh, but also for his uncanny ability to trick you out of your comfort zone.

Case in point. As I bit into a bratwurst, it snapped as if I broke a small stick, releasing its inner molten Cheddar cheese and sweet porky goodness ... all wrapped in a crunchy bacon shell. The thing that brought it home wasn't the soft, fresh pretzel bun, but rather house-made, piquant green kraut and monk mustard. Turns out, the Pickled Monk isn't just a clever name, it actually does pickle all the things.

At the corner of Commonwealth and Harbor, amid a hundred other options, the abbey-esque features that adorn the bar and candelabra lighting set the Pickled Monk apart from neighboring holes. So does its self-pouring draft wall filled with various local craft and classic imported beers and wines. If you're into High Life, PBR and other fun canned goods, a coin-op vending machine is awaiting your attention after you obtain a couple of tokens.

The large, wooden communal standing table in the beer area is my main hangout and instantly brings me back to the early days of craft beer, when people actually chatted about what's good. I saw strangers buy tasters for each other, saying, "Dude, you gotta try this." I had my doubts about self-pouring systems, but seeing it spark chemistry with Fullertonians was just as refreshing as the Modern Times Orderville IPA I drank, as well as the Weihenstephaner Pils before that.

EAT & DRINK THIS NOW
» GREG NAGEL

The menu isn't all about being adventurous. There are moments with quinoa and possibly kale, but the real deal is Fuñe's fry game. His fried chicken and doughnuts feature freshly sugar-dusted beignets that come out like the best fair food, chicken-breast fritters so crisp and juicy they defy belief, and fried pickles, all with a habanero-maple syrup.

The beauty in the menu is mixing and matching, where the bacon-gochujang jam lingering in the bottom of the Brussels sprouts dish is dip-worthy with the rest of your meal. It felt like a game of self-discovery, where even the house bloody Mary ketchup could be paired with a shot of vodka and the house-pickled veggies.

As I was knee-deep in beer revelry, I didn't get to try any of the cocktails, but the menu looks to be full of riffed-on classics such as the Fuller-hattan, Mezcal old fashioned, and even an Ex In the City Cosmo. Is Fullerton having a food moment? I might turn into a pickled monk trying to find out.

PICKLED MONK
101 N. Harbor Blvd., Ste. 100, Fullerton
(714) 793-9100; pickledmonk.com.

Paging Mr. Tarantino

Snowflake takes cartoonish ultra-violence to new heights

BY MATT COKER

Today's film preview was going to be easy enough to put together. Jumping off last week's holiday horror story from my colleague Aimee Murillo, who gave you the scoop on *Slay Belles* and *All the Creatures Were Stirring*, I would fill you in on *Elves* and *Christmas Blood*, which are also new on video-on-demand.

Heck, I might have even thrown in that now streaming on Hulu is the latest *Into the Dark* episode, "Pooka," which is about a struggling actor taking a holiday-season job as the mascot for a popular toy, only to develop two personalities: one inside the costume and another outside of it.

Don't worry, I would have kept it tight enough to plug Fangoria's Holiday Horror Triple Feature at the Frida Cinema in downtown Santa Ana on Sunday night. You know, the one for which writer/director Sam Wineman (*The Quiet Room*) presents two mystery holiday-tinged horror films followed by audience Q&As with the first's director and the second's lead actor. Then comes American Genre Film Archives' (AGFA) new restoration of René Manzor's 1989 French horror thriller *Dial Code Santa Claus* (a.k.a. *Père Noël* and *Game Over*). Forgive me if I would have failed to note that doors open at 7 p.m. and it's only $15 for all three flicks and the surprises.

However, a funny thing happened on the way to the iMac keyboard. Along with the press-screener link for *Christmas Blood*, the Artsploitation Films publicist tossed another in for *Snowflake*, which is known in its native Germany as *Schneeflöckchen*. Despite the name, *Snowflake* has nothing to do with the winter-holiday season and everything to do with its billing as a "fucked-up German fairy tale."

That it is—so much so that I ditched my original (and more timely) holiday horror plans because I'm giddy with anticipation to tell you about the kraut-made joint. I'm like a kid on Christmas Eve waiting for "Santa" to stop cursing about my bike parts not fitting together so I can go downstairs and ride the damn thing. Just look up the aforementioned holiday horror movies, as that's why God invented Google.

Snowflake, whose dialogue is mostly spoken in German, although there is a little Polish and a lot more English, has been compared to classic Tarantino, and the opening scene with two buddies bickering in a kebab shop does somewhat bring to mind the opening of *Reservoir Dogs* and Jules and Vincent discussing the Royale With Cheese in *Pulp Fiction*. *Snowflake* co-directors Adolfo J. Kolmerer and William James also share Q's penchant for cartoonish ultra-violence, right down to the buckets of what's obviously not blood.

Tan (Erkan Acar) and Javid (Reza Brojerdi) are the lifelong pals whom we soon learn did a lot more than arguing in the eatery. Armed with handguns and a chainsaw, they are on a quest to terminate Winter (Gedeon Burkhard), the leader of an underground fascist organization that wiped out the pair's families.

But Tan and Javid are unwittingly responsible for the slaughter of an older couple in the kebab shop. Their grown daughter Eliana (Xenia Assenza), who was in the loo, vows to terminate Tan and Javid. Since she does not possess their special skills, she enlists the help of higher powers.

Sounds Tarantinoesque enough so far, but the story quickly veers into sci-fi worthy of *The Twilight Zone*. See, I should have mentioned that this takes place in a near-future Berlin after an economical and societal collapse has anarchy ruling the streets. That's not the fantastical part; it actually seems more plausible with each passing day lately (talk about horror stories).

No, where the plot gets way *out there* is with the discovery that there is literally a screenplay within the movie's actual screenplay that is writing itself as the action unfolds. The title of both is *Snowflake*, which is the name of Tan and Javid's soon-to-be blood-covered guardian angel (Angela Hobrig). Also popping in are God (David Gant), God's son (David Masterson), an electrified superhero (Mathis Landwehr), a blind contract killer (Eskindir Tesfay) and a robot (Martin Goeres) who hates being called a robot.

COURTESY OF LOFTA FILM

Oops, almost forgot: The *Snowflake* screenplay within the *Snowflake* movie was written by a dentist (Alexander Schubert). Now spit.

To be honest, I was queasy about providing that much detail, but it really should not spoil anything because *Snowflake* is such an original, humorous, compelling, expertly cut and visually addictive—yes—fucked-up German fairy tale.

You know how we love the Frida Cinema here at the *Weekly* (see every Best of [insert year] issue we've done since the movie house opened on Fourth Street). It turns out Logan Crow and his crew also have admirers at the nonprofit (and aforementioned) AGFA, which would like to send the Santa Anans to next year's Art House Convergence, which brings together exhibitors, festivals and allied organizations to discuss indie films and ways to keep showing them on big screens.

To that end, AGFA hosts a fundraising double-feature screening at the Frida on Saturday at 7:30 p.m. Showing are Giulio Paradisi's psychedelic and psychotic 1979 sci-fi/horror epic *The Visitor*, which is about God and the Devil fighting over a young girl with telekinetic powers, and Kazuhiko Yamaguchi's 1975 karate-horror mashup *Wolf Guy*, in which an ancient werewolf clan's only survivor (Sonny Chiba) clashes with dark forces that want to harvest his blood and steal his supernatural, crime-solving powers. (Visit thefridacinema.org for more details.) A measly $10 ticket never went to a better cause.

And a *Fröhliche Weihnachten* every one.

MCOKER@OCWEEKLY.COM

Of Bonds and Bondage

A pair of visually stunning exhibits highlight the AIDS epidemic and sex trafficking in black and white

BY DAVE BARTON

As you sit in the Orange County Center for Contemporary Art (OCCCA), the only sound a video of artist Kurt Weston talking about his long battle with AIDs, you are surrounded by walls of black-and-white portraits of his HIV+ friends and lovers—98 percent of whom are dead.

"Remember: An AIDs Memorial Retrospective" is a photographic requiem for those beautiful lost brothers, assembled and curated by legally blind photographer Weston. His decades-long health battle is accompanied by difficult, painful and even tender memories: of muscular black men in black-leather jackets, an Asian couple lost in each other's arms; a blond white boy with '80s-style feathered hair; a Latino man holding a crucifix and posing in front of a pair of angel wings, a man dressed in black crouching in front of a graffitied wall; a performance artist sitting onstage, his face crumpled in grief; another man, nude and on all fours, resembling a raging beast, his teeth bared in a roar of pain and anger.

To the opposite effect, one wall is devoted to a Chicago gay-pride event from the early '80s: bare-chested men, short shorts, moustaches and plenty of drag, although even these relatively happy photos are tainted by the image of a man who is preternaturally thin, caught in the process of a wasting he probably didn't even understand was happening.

The black-and-white photos, mounted with black matting in place of a frame, are a DIY labor of love. Underfunded, the portraits aren't always exhibited to their best effect—some of the details aren't as sharp as they should be, the blacks are a little too black and muddy, or the picture isn't secured enough to keep it from curling—but this is an honest, tragic bit of history on display. Somebody step in and give local artist Weston some money to ensure this work is still around for the inevitable World AIDS Day a few decades from now.

Fellow disabled artist Barbara Romain's colorful text-based paintings fit in only peripherally with the show's theme. Her 72-inch-by-72-inch canvases hang unadorned, crowded with stenciled words and archaic symbols, scribbled song lyrics, and bits and pieces of poetry. They're cramped, impenetrable things, their beauty often overpowered by their crowded surface. An exception, "Hope and Loss," an acrylic and collage series of 10 canvases in the shape of a cross. Layered with lottery tickets, coins covered with glitter and variations of the tide stenciled on each, they're an eye-catching, thoughtful bit of mourning on their own.

FROM LOPEZ'S "TRAFFICKED"

COURTESY OF THE ARTIST, CECILIA LOPEZ

A phantasmagoria of dicks, bondage, naked bodies, blowjobs and threesomes, Alexandria Allan's mixed-media paintings have been shunted to OCCCA's "Mature Content" rear gallery. Wholly focused on sex, her work is a profane, pronounced middle finger to convention and the puritan negativity that often arises when we talk about sexuality. Boldly painted, Allen's deep reds, greens and golds, as well as her playful German Expressionism, reminded me of a rougher, braver and much more erotic Ernst Ludwig Kirchner. It's a sex-positive choice to present them alongside Weston's sobering portraits.

Across the street, Grand Central Art Center hosts Cecilia Lopez's "Trafficked," photographic images built around the narrative of human sexual enslavement. A modest exhibition of six large-format black-and-white prints and six lightboxes, her work accents noir-ish shadows, solitude and power imbalance. We see three people in solitary profile, the sunlight burning them into the gray concrete; a woman reaches out to another; metal grills make one think of jail cells, an elongated reflection of a window becomes an elusive promise of freedom just outside.

The lightboxes allow the monochromatic images more dimension, the simple push of light through the whiter sections of the images giving them a dramatic visual punch. They're also denser, less easy to parse: A king chess piece stands by itself at left, lightboxes with images of pawns to its right. That power dynamic—the solitary male towering over the weaker, smaller pieces in a game of chess—is reinforced by a nearby image of a man's large shadow near what resembles a playground.

Lopez's photographs work on an effectively symbolic level—easy to interpret, sometimes even obviously so. She doesn't rub our face in her social concerns, but there's a hesitant, beat-around-the-bush mentality to the endeavor that seems at odds with John Spiak's curating statements about the project as a response to the silence surrounding the issue. The lack of accompanying statistics and clear information about sexual trafficking, especially locally, and the focus on art instead of action made me wish the artist had worked a little harder to actually do something about the issue.

Something more than just subtly reminding us it's there.

"REMEMBER: AN AIDS MEMORIAL RETROSPECTIVE"
at the Orange County Center for Contemporary Art, 117 N. Sycamore St., Santa Ana, (714) 667-1517; www.occca.org. Open Thurs.-Sun., noon-5 p.m. (holiday hours may differ). Through Dec. 29. Free.

"TRAFFICKED: CECILIA LOPEZ"
at Grand Central Art Center, 125 N. Broadway, Santa Ana, (714) 667-7233; www.grandcentralartcenter.com. Open Tues.-Thurs., 11 a.m.-4 p.m., Fri.-Sat., 11 a.m.-5 p.m., Sun., 11 a.m.-3 p.m. (holiday hours may differ). Free.

ARTSOVERLOAD

» AIMEE MURILLO

Dec. 21-27

HOLIDAY BAZAAR: Local stores and businesses sell some holiday-minded wares, plus there are movie screenings, music and photos with Santa Claus. Fri., 2 p.m. $5; if you pinpin chesa online, you get a free hot chocolate. OC Marketplace at OC Fair & Event Center, Lot A, 88 Fair Dr., Costa Mesa. (714) 708-1500; ocmarketplace.com.

HOLIDAY POP-UP SHOP: Find original art, prints, jewelry, ceramics, essential home goods and more, all handmade by local artists. Fri.-Sun., 10 a.m. Free. Fourth Element Gallery, 210 N. Broadway Ave., Santa Ana. (657) 232-0002, www.fourthelementgallery.com.

"YULE IN THE MIDDLE AGES": Al Bidmead, author of *The Krampus and the Old, Dark Christmas*, lectures on Pagan and Christian winter traditions that developed in Medieval times. Sat., 1:30 p.m. $9-$12. Bowers Museum, 2002 N. Main St., Santa Ana. (714) 567-3600; www.bowers.org.

THE NUTCRACKER: The classical Christmas spectacular is performed by Anaheim Ballet and the Symphony Irvine. Sun., 12:30 & 5:30 p.m. City National Grove of Anaheim, 2200 E. Katella Ave., Anaheim. (714) 712-2700; www.citynationalgroveofanaheim.com.

CHRISTMAS TRAIN ACTIVITIES: Holiday-themed fun for the whole family includes train rides to meet Santa Claus, games, story time and crafts in Santa's Village. Open Mon.-Fri., 4-8 p.m., Sat.-Sun., 10 a.m.-8 p.m. Through Dec. 23. $15; children 3 and younger free. Irvine Park Railroad, 1 Irvine Park Rd., Orange. (714) 997-3968; www.irvinparkrailroad.com.

"DAVID POLITZER: TEXT NECK": The artist in-residence presents a humorous exhibit of how smartphones have affected our bodies, causing neck injuries from constantly looking down. Open Tues.-Thurs., 11 a.m.-4 p.m., Fri.-Sat., 11 a.m.-5 p.m., Sun., 11 a.m.-3 p.m. Through Jan. 13, 2019. Free. Grand Central Art Center, 125 N. Broadway, Santa Ana. (714) 567-7233; www.grandcentralartcenter.com.

RETRO NIGHT: Bring your own vinyl records, and the DJs will spin them while you play video games projected on the wall. Thurs., Dec. 27, 6 p.m. Free; beer and soda sold separately. 21+. Liberation Brewing Co., 3630 Atlantic Ave., Long Beach. (562) 348-0133; liberationbrewing.com.

DJ SKATE NIGHTS: Live ice skating with a retro light display and a DJ spinning music. Every Thurs., 7-9 p.m. $10-$16. The Pike Outlets, 95 S. Pine Ave., Long Beach. (562) 432-8325; takingholidayice.com.

JODIE CUNNINGHAM @JDOIPHOTOGRAPHY

Sticking With Ska

Reel Big Fish's new album reminds us they loved horns before they were cool (again)

BY BRITTANY WOOLSEY

More than 20 years after asking us to "Turn the Radio Off" and being called a "Sell Out," Reel Big Fish are back with another record. After just six years, the OC-based band—which consistently seem to be on tour, representing a scene that was largely abandoned by like-minded groups decades ago—are releasing *Life Sucks ... Let's Dance!*, their ninth studio album, this week.

Unlike past Reel Big Fish records, however, this one is a little less self-deprecating and more on the positive side. In a way, you can kind of blame it on a dog.

"I guess I'm in a little better place now, a little happier than I used to be," says vocalist/lead guitarist Aaron Barrett, attributing his newfound attitude to his rescue pup, Walter, and his new bride. "So this album is not as hateful and mean and depressing and sarcastic as others have been. It's not like I wrote this sappy, lovey-dovey, don't-worry-be-happy kind of cheesy album. But it does come close at times. I think it's still very Reel Big Fish [RBF], but more of the funny, whimsical, silly RBF and not the really hateful, depressing RBF, which is what I think most people like anyway."

Out via Rock Ridge Music, the album features 14 tracks that exemplify the dancey, horned-up sound Reel Big Fish are known for. *Life Sucks ... Let's Dance!* also samples a mix of genres, which Barrett said made the writing process and final product that much more enjoyable. "I did have a lot of fun doing a little bit different stuff on some of these songs," he says. "There's a couple that are pretty much just straight, traditional ska, there's some straight reggae in there. There's one that can only be described as 'hair metal.'

There are a lot of good, old ska-punk songs though, too. I think I'm just extra-proud of the songwriting and arranging this time around. Maybe I'm finally getting better at what I do."

The title track and "Ska Show" easily support the theory that you can't be sad while listening to horned-up ska, while others, such as "Pissed Off" and "I Should Know By Now," exude the same attitude heard in fan favorites like "Beer" and "Everything Sucks."

"Bob Marley's Toe" educates listeners on how the reggae legend died (spoiler alert: he suffered from melanoma that started in his toe). And "Walter's Highlife," the all-instrumental last track, easily encapsulates the whimsical life of a dog.

And Walter's life is better than most. Barrett and his wife regularly take him on tour; with how much Reel Big Fish travel the world, it's safe to say the hound has marked his territory in more places than most of his comrades. In fact, Barrett quips, most of the songs on the album started off as ditties he'd make up about the dog.

Eventually, those tunes, as well as others he had come up with in the past five years—turned into full-fledged Reel Big Fish songs that Barrett began putting together last year. "I'm just always playing around with a whole collection of little song ideas that are floating around in my brain," Barrett explains. "I don't record any ideas or make any demos when they are at that stage; I just figure that if they aren't catchy enough or good enough for me to remember, then why would I show them to other people.

Everybody has been bugging me for the past few years: management; booking agent; the rest of the band, the fans asking, 'When are you gonna make a new album?' So maybe around mid-last year. I started to finally feel like maybe I had enough complete song ideas for an album."

In January, Barrett walked into David Irish's Pot of Gold Recording Studios in Orange and tracked a few quick demos. He played all the parts on a drum machine, bass and kazoos before presenting the results to the rest of the band—John Christianson, a.k.a Johnny Christmas, on trumpet; Derek Gibbs on bass; Matt Appleton, a.k.a. Saxi Rose, on saxophone; Billy Kottage on trombone; and Edward Larsen on drums.

Irish, who has worked with Reel Big Fish before, says working on *Life Sucks ... Let's Dance!* was different than any other record because the band weren't pressured by a deadline. He admits that led them to become "a little too relaxed from time to time" and distracted by the studio's resident cat, Iggy Fluff, and Walter. "However, they both made the process fun," Irish says about the animals. "I really think the relaxed pace showed up in the finished recording. Everything is exactly how it should be."

Barrett says that while a lot of Reel Big Fish's songs are comedic—for example, "She Has a Girlfriend Now"—most of his writing is personal. He doesn't aim to tell stories through the tunes, but they all show his feelings about an idea or situation. "Like [the song] 'Life Sucks ... Let's Dance!,'" he says. "It's kind of a funny idea, but it is also kind of a positive, 'let's make the best of things' kind of message. Then there's 'Bleached Thang, Baby,' which is totally stream-of-consciousness nonsense, just like the poems that I used to write in high school poetry class."

For better or worse, ska appears to be here to stay. But even though they have refused to trade in their horns for pop songs with Pharrell and fashion lines, don't place the credit (or blame) entirely on Reel Big Fish. Barrett notes there has been a ska revival of sorts this year, as evidenced by other groups from the genre's '90s heyday now releasing new records. He's especially stoked the English Beat recently released their first album in more than 30 years, he says, and he's excited to see the Interrupters earning radio play as they carry the checkered torch forward.

"Even though ska is still thought of as kind of a guilty pleasure and a joke to some," he says, "it's just been around long enough now that it has touched so many people's lives, and there are just so many people that it has made happy."

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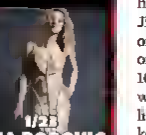
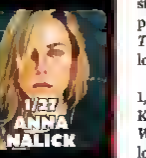
1/27 ANNA NALICK
2/1 THE TUBES
2/2 THE DAN BAND
2/7 THE JAMES HUNTER SIX ALBERT CUMMINGS
2/8 JOSHUA RADIN / CARY BROTHERS / LILY KERSHAW
2/10 THE SMITHEREENS WITH GUEST VOCALIST MARSHALL CRENSHAW
2/14 OTTMAR LIEBERT & LUNA NEGRA
2/15 THE HIGHWAYMAN SHOW
2/16 THE PETTY BREAKERS
2/17 PAUL BARRERE & FRED TACKETT
2/21 LARRY CARLTON
2/22 WILD CHILD
2/23 MARC SEAL
2/24 THE FOUR FRESHMEN
3/1 TINSLEY ELLIS / COCO MONTOYA

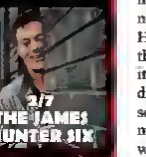
1/19 ROBBY KRIEGER


1/23 ANA POPOVIC

1/24 MICHAEL HESMITH


1/27 ANNA NALICK

2/2 THE DAN BAND


2/7 THE JAMES HUNTER SIX

UPCOMING SHOWS

3/2 JR RICHARDS OF DISHWALLA
3/3 JUNIOR BROWN
3/10 THE SPINNERS
3/14 MAKANA
3/16 THE FENIANS
3/21 ULI JON ROTH: 40TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION OF ELECTRIC SUN AND TOKYO TAPES
3/22 SUPER DIAMOND
3/23 THE BLASTERS
3/24 MARK FARNER
3/28 AL STEWART
3/30 BEATLES VS STONES
3/31 MORGAN JAMES: FROM WHITE TO BLUE, TWO ICONIC ALBUMS CELEBRATED
4/9 BUDDY GUY
4/16 AN EVENING WITH THE MUSICAL BOX
4/28 KEIKO MATSUI
5/18 THE 5TH DIMENSION
5/25 MUSIC LEGEND DICK DALE
5/30 LITTLE RIVER BAND
6/7 ASIA FT. JOHN PAYNE
8/20 HERMAN'S HERMITS
8/21 HERMAN'S HERMITS

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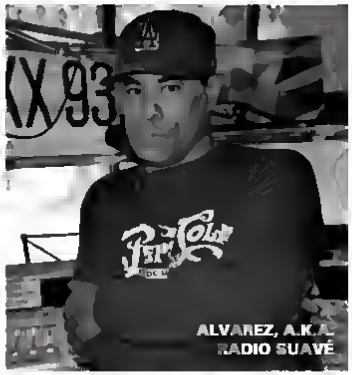
Keeping OC Tuned In

TNN Radio celebrates 1,000 episodes

BY NATE JACKSON

There was really no way to judge the impact a show such as *TNN Radio* was going to have on local music when host Jimmy Alvarez first sat in front of the mic in 2004. Despite his on-air history with KROQ-FM 106.7, he had no idea if anyone would listen or care about this little experiment in the OC market. Fast-forward 14 years and 999 shows, and it's now an outlet for countless local bands to get airplay, as well as a platform for major artists such as the Offspring, Social Distortion, blink-182 and even blues great Buddy Guy. But more than that, *TNN Radio* is a bridge between music's past and future that reminds us there are still stations out there that don't have to play by the rules of a standard format. *TNN Radio* plays whatever it wants—as long as it's good.



ALVAREZ, A.K.A. RADIO SUAVÉ

MICHELLE ALVAREZ

The show recently celebrated its 1,000th episode, broadcasting from the KX-FM 93.5 studio in Laguna Beach. The *Weekly* spoke to Alvarez about the show's long journey, as well as what makes *TNN Radio* worth a listen.

OC WEEKLY: *When you started at the station, what was your idea for how you wanted to come in and affect things as a radio DJ?*

JIMMY ALVAREZ: When I started at the station, I really looked to Tyler Russell's mission: to provide programming that's not based on a Big Brother radio concept. He wanted different programs that played the kind of music people loved, whether it was new music or stuff from back in the day, regardless of genre but trying to stay somewhere around the area of alternative music. From my history with KROQ, it was more of a freeform type of thing, in which DJs got the autonomy to play a lot of different music along with some of the programming. It excited me to go back to a place that gives DJs a chance to be creative and listen to what the music fans want to hear.

What's one of the main things you remember about your first broadcast at KX-FM 93.5?

The first broadcast, I had no idea that anyone was listening. And these days, we get emails from everywhere—Laguna, Riverside, Boston, Japan, Brazil, everywhere.

Who are some of your favorite artists that you've had the chance to interview on the show?

We've gotten a chance to interview 311, Social Distortion, the Offspring, Johnny Vatos of Omgo Bongo Dance Party, Terry Nunn of Berlin, Dale Bozzio of Missing Persons, and John Easdale of Dramarama. All of these guys and ladies, whether they're old-school or in new bands, they understand what we're trying to do.

Talk about some of the crew you have working with you who help make the broadcast possible

I couldn't believe how many people volunteered to help make this happen. I got people to help us from all walks of life, to help create the website. IT is so important, and to have the infrastructure we have—coders, people to help with social media and all the platforms our audience uses—if not for those people, we would not be able to do what we do.

As far as on-air talent, Leeza London, Randi Lavik and I all worked at KROQ twentysomething years ago. Leeza worked with Rodney Bingenheimer on *Rodney On the Roq* and did live broadcasts when she lived in London and would bring a lot of bands to Rodney's attention, which he got all the credit for discovering. She has a great ear for music and a following of her own. Randi brings the show to life, she's funny and makes you laugh. What she brings is color to the show, to the table, which is so important. Because of Leeza, Randi, our IT people and photographers working together with me, we've been able to put together a quality show and talk to some of the biggest names in the music business, and to this day, I still don't know how we pulled it off.

NJACKSON@OCWEEKLY.COM

TNN RADIO **is broadcast via KX-FM 93.5 Every Sun., 1-3 p.m.**

JOHN GILHOOLEY

Friday

THERLANKTAPES/ RILLER KAYA, CREATURES CHDIR 8 p.m., $10, 21+. The Wayfarer, 843 W. 19th St., Costa Mesa, (949) 764-0039; www.wayfarercm.com

BROTHER ALI; BUSDRIVER: 8 p.m., $18-$65, all ages. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana, (714) 957-0600; www.observatoryoc.com.

THE DICKIES 9 p.m., $18, all ages. The Constellation Room, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana, (714) 957-0600; www.observatoryoc.com

THE EVERY OTHER YEAR HOLIDAY SHOW 8 p.m., $12, all ages. Gardee Amp's The Locker Room, 12782 Main St., Gardee Grove, (949) 415-8544, gardeeamp.com

FUNK FREAKS 10:45 p.m., $5, all ages. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana, (714) 957-0600; www.observatoryoc.com

GODD FDOT, FEATURING THE LIDNS 8 p.m., $12, 21+. Alex's Bar, 2913 E. Anaheim St., Long Beach, (562) 434-8292, www.alexsbar.com.

HIPPIE SABOTAGE. 9 p.m., $25, 21+. Marty's On Newport, 14401 Newport Ave., Tustin, (714) 544-1995; www.martysonnewport.com.

THE RHYTHM SHAKERS: 8 p.m., free, 21+. The Slidebar Rock N Roll Kitchen, 122 E. Commonwealth Ave., Fullerton, (714) 871-7469; www.slidebarfullerton.com

SKALMOST SKACOUSTIC CHRISTMAS 7 p.m., free, all ages. The Slidebar Rock N Roll Kitchen, 122 E. Commonwealth Ave., Fullerton, (714) 871-7469; www.slidebarfullerton.com

SLAVES (ACOUSTIC): 7 p.m., $12, all ages. Chain Reaction, 1552 Lincoln Ave., Anaheim, (714) 635-8067, allages.com.

Saturday

EL VEZ, THE CREEPY CREEPS, CUTTY FLAM, THE EXBATS: 8 p.m., $15, 21+. Alex's Bar, 2913 E. Anaheim St., Long Beach, (562) 434-8292; www.alexsbar.com

HIPPIE SABDTAGE: 9 p.m., $25, 21+. Marty's On Newport, 14401 Newport Ave., Tustin, (714) 544-1995; www.martysonnewport.com

METALACHI 8 p.m., $15; all ages. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana, (714) 957-0600; www.observatoryoc.com

PSYCHD REALM DUT DA HDUSE 11TH ANNIVERSARY 11 p.m., $20, all ages. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana, (714) 957-0600; www.observatoryoc.com

THE VANDALS 23RD ANNUAL WINTER FDRMAL: 7 p.m., $22, all ages. House of Blues at Anaheim GardenWalk, 400 W. Disney Way, Anaheim, (714) 778-2583; www.houseofblues.com/anaheim.

WET HAND DAN, MDGLI B2B MAGDA; PATRICK DYLAN, TRAVMID 9 p.m., $5, 21+. The Wayfarer, 843 W. 19th St., Costa Mesa, (949) 764-0039; www.wayfarercm.com

Sunday

AMY WINEHOUSE TRIBUTE NIGHT 9 p.m., $5, 21+. Marty's On Newport, 14401 Newport Ave., Tustin, (714) 544-1995; www.martysonnewport.com.

ASSUMING WE SURVIVE TDY DRIVE: 8 p.m., free, all ages. The Slidebar Rock N Roll Kitchen, 122 E. Commonwealth Ave., Fullerton, (714) 871-7469; www.slidebarfullerton.com.

RMR, NEW AMERICAN, THE SOUTH HOLLOWS 8 p.m., $5, 21+. Alex's Bar, 2913 E. Anaheim St., Long Beach, (562) 434-8292, www.alexsbar.com.

Wednesday

ASESINO; NYCTDPHILE, INVADER 8 p.m., free, 21+. The Slidebar Rock N Roll Kitchen, 122 E. Commonwealth Ave., Fullerton, (714) 871-7469; www.slidebarfullerton.com.

FACE TO FACE 8 p.m., $30, 21+. Marty's On Newport, 14401 Newport Ave., Tustin, (714) 544-1995; www.martysonnewport.com

Thursday, Dec. 27

CLUB '90S PRESENTS MY CHEMICAL RDMANCE CHRISTMAS: MCR & EMO NIGHT 9:30 p.m., $15, all ages. House of Blues at Anaheim GardenWalk, 400 W. Disney Way, Anaheim, (714) 778-2583; www.houseofblues.com/anaheim.

THE GRATEFUL SHREO 8 p.m., $18, 21+. The Wayfarer, 843 W. 19th St., Costa Mesa, (949) 764-0039; www.wayfarercm.com.

LUNCH LADY, CELLROT, DAISY CHAIN, RICHARD SCARY 8 p.m., $5, 21+. Alex's Bar, 2913 E. Anaheim St., Long Beach, (562) 434-8292; www.alexsbar.com

X, LOS LOBOR, THE BLASTERS 8 p.m., $35, all ages. The Observatory, 3503 S. Harbor Blvd., Santa Ana, (714) 957-0600; www.observatoryoc.com

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Quickies

I'm a kinky single woman who keeps attracting the wrong men for me—specifically, submissive guys into face-sitting. I'm submissive myself, and face-sitting is not a turn-on for me. But the vast majority of men who hit on me have this fetish. I think it's a size-related issue—a my-size-related issue. I'm a full-figured/curvy woman with a big butt. Granted, it's a fabulous butt, but my butt sends the wrong signals, apparently. I've tried several times to word my FetLife and other dating profiles so that I'll attract dominant men, but the messages from submissive wannabe face-sitters pour in. Dating when you're not thin in hard enough. Help, please.

Baby Got Back

You've worded your dating profiles to attract Doms. BGB, but it doesn't sound like you've worded your profiles to repel—and crush the hopes of—submissive wannabe face-sitters. Let's fix that: "I get a lot of messages from submissive guys into face-sitting. I've got a great butt, I realize, but I'm a sub, I'm not into face-sitting, and I only want to hear from Dom guys." Some submissive guys will message you anyway—guys who will be letting you know they have a hard time taking no for an answer. BGB, so not guys you'd ever want to meet up with IRL. Delete their messages and block their profiles.

While having sex one night with my girlfriend, I pulled out a vibrator for the first time. She asked whether I (a guy) had used it with a previous partner (another woman). I conceded that I had. She refused to let me use it on her on the grounds that it had already been inside someone else. I pointed out that since I am not a virgin, her objection did not seem principled. My penis has been in someone else and she lets me put that in her. Nevertheless, she remained adamant. Do you think she was being reasonable?

Very Interested Boyfriend Enquires

I do not, VIBE, but since you don't want to stick your old vibrator in me—presumably—what I think is irrelevant. When it comes to who gets to stick what in our bodies, we're allowed to be arbitrary, inconsistent, capricious and even illogical. That's why "But my dick has been in other women, and you let me stick that in you!" isn't quite the slam-dunk argument you think it is. So toss that old vibrator and get yourself a new one—but save the packaging so you can pass it off as new with your next girlfriend.

My cousin was a victim of revenge porn. A bitter ex-boyfriend of his sent several videos they'd made to everyone on my cousin's contact list, including me. I'm a straight woman who prefers gay male porn, and my cousin and his ex are beautiful men—they're both dancers—and I couldn't help myself. I watched the videos, more than once, before deleting them. So how bad a person am I?

Sick And Wrong

You're a better person than the asshole ex who sent those videos to everyone your poor cousin knows. SAW, but a worse person than those who deleted the videos without wanking over them first.

Your life is a monstrous affront to God, and your jobs work, your ridiculous "advice" column, encourages people to act on their worst impulses. Advice column? Take the "D" away! You write A VICE column! I was involved in the gay life once. Mr. Savage, but the love of Jesus delivered me from homosexual sin. Embrace Christ, and you, too, can be delivered. I pray for you every day. Someone has to.

Christ Even Saves Savages

P.S. I have read what you've written about your mother, whom you claim to have loved. Your mother died relatively young. I'm not suggesting God punished you by cutting your mother's life short. No, your mother died of shame.

You pray for me, CESS, and I'll pray for you—because all the delicious dick you left behind when Jesus raptured you out of homosexual sin aren't gonna suck themselves, are they?

P.S. "Jesus is love," my Catholic mother liked to say. If she was right, CESS, he surely finds the things going into my mouth less offensive than the shit coming out of yours.

I've been toying with the idea of having a sub provide domestic services, but all the potential subs I've met with haven't seemed like a good fit for various reasons. Last night, I had a first meeting with a man who is a good fit on paper, but who turned out to be an obnoxious asshole in person—a misogynistic, mansplaining, frat-boy type. Can someone be too much of a dick for you to let them do your laundry?

Sub In Subhuman

If you wouldn't be in a vanilla relationship with someone, SIS, why would you want to be in a D/s relationship with them?

I've been in a lesbian relationship for about two years. Recently, I was listening to your podcast, and you were talking about the Big/little kink. I remember thinking my girlfriend could be into that. Today, my girlfriend texted this to me: "I want you to hold me like a child, rock me to sleep, and tuck me in and kiss my forehead." I almost asked her right then if she was into Big/little play, but then I realized that I'm not sure what I would do if she said yes. If she came to me and said, "Hey, I'm into this stuff!" I would consider it. But I am not into this stuff—not independently—or at least I don't think so. My question is this: If you suspect your partner is into something that you're not into, should you leave it alone? I feel like maybe the GGG thing to do is to ask her and offer to explore it if she says yes.

Wanna Be GGG

Are you sure you're not curious about Big/little play, a.k.a. age play? Because it sounds like you might be. If you are, don't project your interests/kinks onto your girlfriend. Just ask her if she might be interested. If you aren't into Big/little play but think she might be, the same advice applies: Just ask her.

My boyfriend of three years has not left his wife for me, even though he says he will someday. He doesn't want to hurt her. He feels a duty to her. But he loves me more and swears he will leave her someday. In the meantime, we carve out half an hour a week for sex, and it's super-hot. Two questions (and please answer honestly): He's not going to leave her, is he? And I'm a cliche, aren't I?

Don't Understand Man

No, he isn't. And yes, you are. DTMFA.

On the Lovecast *(savagelovecast.com), sex toy expert Erika Moen discusses strap-ons for men. Contact Dan via mail@savagelove.net, follow him on Twitter @fakedansavage, and visit ITMFA.org*

SAVAGELOVE

» DAN SAVAGE

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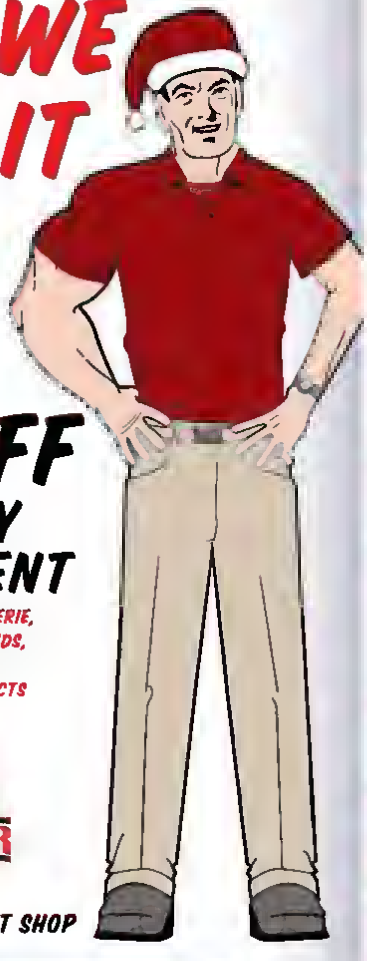

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Toke of the Week

» Jefferson VanBilliard

Bloom Farms CBD

With tons of CBD products on the market, finding one that works for you can be a monumental task. But after being sent an early version of Bloom Farms' (*getbloomfarms.com*) newest tincture, we are positive you won't have to look any further.

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This commitment to social responsibility extends to its one-for-one program. For every purchase of a Bloom Farms CBD product, the company will donate a healthy meal to a food-insecure individual or family.

A lot of our favorite dispensaries in Orange County carry Bloom's line of cannabis products, making for some convenient Christmas shopping.

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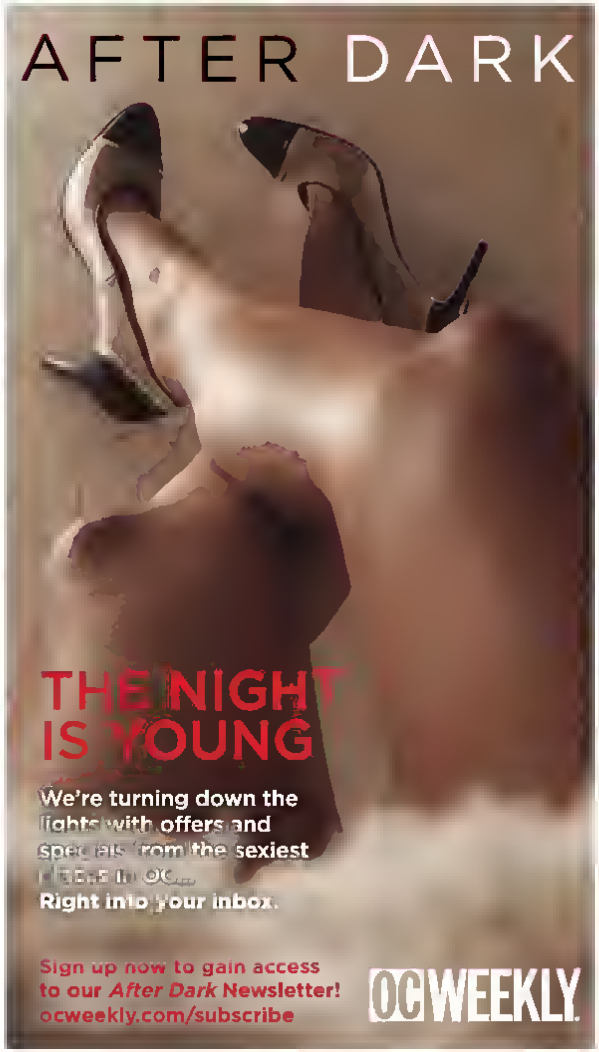
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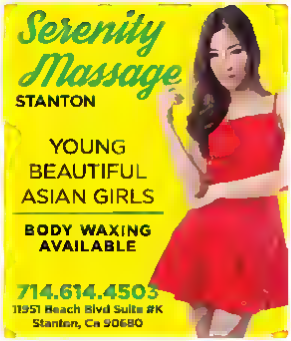
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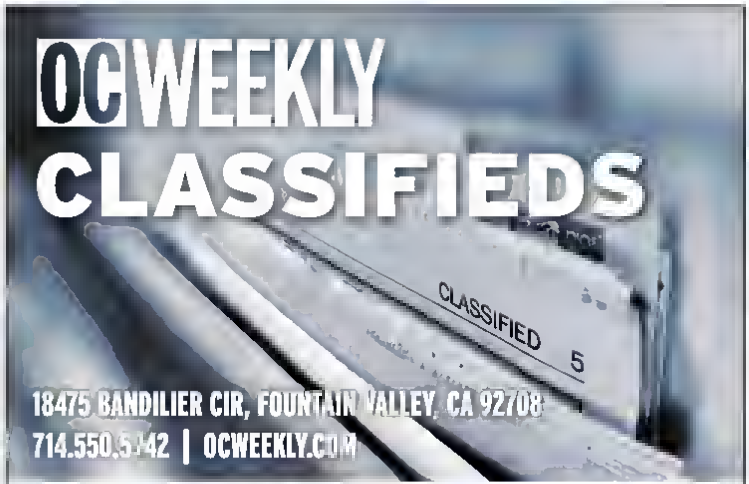

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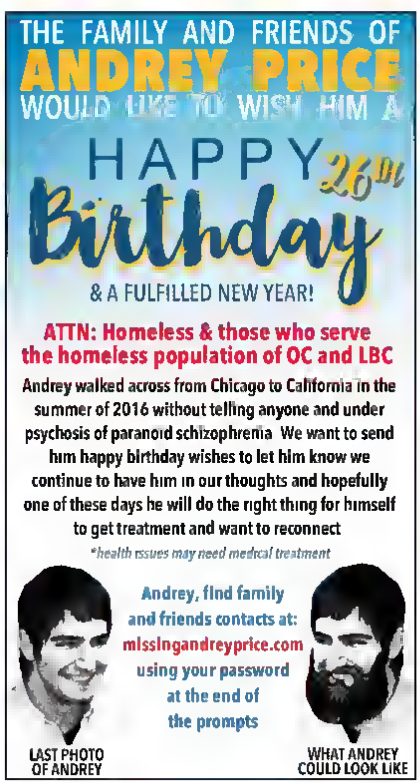

EMPLOYMENT

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*Fulfill customer service functions.
*Answer questions give explanation, and solve problems for customers
*Complete special projects as assigned
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Business Development Specialist: F/T. Research market conditions & gather info to determine demand of accounting/tax services. Req: Bachelor's Degree in Bus. Admin, Computer Science or related. Mail resume to: JC&COMPANY PC 10 Corporate Park Suite 210 Irvine, CA 92606

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High School Diploma req. F/T $25,210/yr Resume to Hayeon Kim Kiki Event, Inc. 6777 Westminster Blvd. Suite D Westminster CA 92683

Aten Technology Inc. seeks a Product Manager for its Irvine, CA facility to develop implement and maintain professional audio/video product lines **Qualified applicants mail resume (no calls/emails) to attn: HR 15365 Barranca Pkwy, Irvine CA 92618.**

Robert Chang Accountancy Corporation seeks **Staff Accountant**: BA in Acct. Bus Admin, or related field reqd. 24 mths. in pub acctng. Asst. Snr Acct. prfrm bdgt projections sales forecasting prep fin plans. Work Site: Anaheim, CA. Mail resumes to 8661 Katella Ave. Anaheim, CA 92804

General Manager
Job location Irvine, CA. Send resume w/this ad to Code 180799 GM. Tomoka Bar Hilltop Technology Laboratory Inc., 51 Parker, Irvine, CA 92618

Sr Graphic Designer
Req'd Master's in Graphic Design Art, or related. Mail Resume Where 2 Get It, Inc. 222 S Harbor Blvd. Ste. 600 Anaheim, CA 92805

Market Research Analyst: Bachelor's Degree in Economics or related req. F/T Resume to Jake Sejin Oh Needcare Inc. 5681 Beach Blvd Ste 100 Buena Park, CA 90621

Cost Analyst. Prepare cost estimate. Analyze ways to reduce cost. Bachelor's in Business or Business Administration. CV to HR. Pac Dent Inc. 670 Endeavor Circle, Brea, CA 92821

Senior Systems Engineer. OBDII sought by Karma Automotive in Irvine, CA. Master's plus 2 yr. exp. in related field. Send resume to: Jennifer Jeffries Director HR 9950 Jeronimo Road Irvine, CA 92618 or email careers@karma-automotive.com

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High School Diploma Req. $18-622/yr F/T. Resume to Seunghyun Nam Alisha & SH Investment, Inc. 6301 Beach Blvd #304 Buena Park, CA 90621

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All You Need for Xmas

Uncle Jim's guide to surviving the holidays

BY JIM WASHBURN

It's that season again, when your time is rapidly draining into a pool of desperation as you realize you can't do everything. What's with the carolers and Christmas-tree lots? Didn't the fireworks stands just come down? Isn't there enough year-end stuff to worry about—such as wondering what brand aspirin to get instead of Obamacare in 2019, or whether the U.S. has an extradition treaty with Mar-a-Lago—without having to remember how many Y's your druid niece Jocelyyyyn troweled into her name while you're addressing the Christmas card you probably haven't bought yet? Not to mention all those thoughtful gifts you've yet to find for your family, friends, co-workers and that delivery guy who's always throwing your *Times* into the oleander bushes.

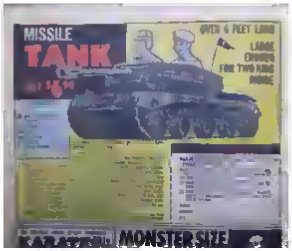
Let me assist you. I had Christmas wired for decades. I'd spend months prowling antique swap meets, rare record stores and curio shops to find unique, personal gifts for every friend and making my own labor-intensive Christmas cards in an attempt to help everyone feel special.

Those efforts helped me to arrive at the most helpful tip I can give you. DON'T DO ANY OF THAT CRAP. All it does is up the game for everyone else, and even if they like you, they hope you die soon so they can go back to their normal levels of holiday anxiety.

Less is better. Do you remember any of the Three Wise Men's names? Of course not, but they probably fretted for weeks before deciding babies love frankincense. Everyone remembers Jesus, and all he ever did (aside from handing out laminates to the afterlife) was bring some loaves to a potluck.

So take a tip from Jesus and me and take it easy this year. Just follow this simple guide:

CHRISTMAS CARDS
We made this image for a card one year, and it was pretty easy. We just took found objects from the garage and removed one of the house's medicine cabinets to create a suitably dreary background. But you know what's even easier? Just modify those sample Christmas cards you get sent every year, the ones you thought were useless because they're embossed with "YOUR NAME HERE." Just incorporate that in your message, as in, "We speak YOUR NAME HERE with fondness at this time of year." Voila!



PRESENTS
They're for children. Cross everyone older than 12 off your list, and for the remaining names, just get each one the latest, most costly iteration of the iPhone. Anything less will disappoint, and you only have to look at the world today to see what generations of disappointed children grew up to be. I wanted my own Sherman tank when I was a kid. But those who got the kid version soon realized they were only sitting in a chintzy cardboard box while the world passed them by.

PRESENTS FOR YOU
To avoid disappointment, if anyone asks what you'd like, make sure your request is clearly understood. "Framus? We said FAMOUS, you old fuck!"

ALL PHOTOS COURTESY JIM WASHBURN AND LESLIE SMITH

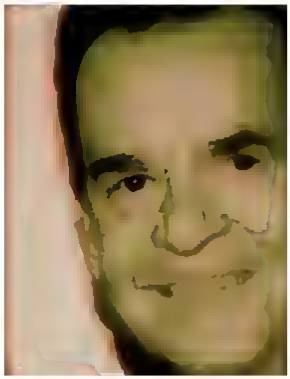
HOLIDAY MUSIC
I was born in Hawaii, and my first two Christmas records were by Alfred Apaka, "the Hawaiian Bing Crosby," and Lucky Luck, the first radio and TV personality to talk in the once-banned island patois of Pidgin English. His record of "Da Very First Christmas" went like this: "A angel tell Mele she gonna give one keki, so dey go bela hela to Betelaheme an she name this little keki Jesu." Mr. Luck was also one of my godfathers, so I learned and still spoke a fair amount of Pidgen after the family moved to California, causing my early teachers to wonder if I was all right in the head.

Apaka sang in the King's English, but growing up in Los Angeles, I didn't know what the hell he was singing about with all that "In the winter, we will build a snowman, we'll pretend that he is Parson Brown." We didn't have any snow, snowmen or parsons around, so I assumed that must all be some ritual Hawaiian stuff. It was years before I learned that Honolulu got about as much snow as LA and "Betelaheme" did.

Over time, I learned that the one essential Christmas record is Jerry Butler's 45 of "O Holy Night." By the time I was in my teens, my notion of Christmas music shifted to being the records I bought with my Christmas cash, the best by far of which was *The Who Sell Out*. I bought it at the Buena Park Mall in December 1967, and it still fills me with holiday cheer.

DINNER
Did you read the recent news about the Bay Area guy who was stuck for days in a Chinese restaurant's grease-caked kitchen vent while trying to sneak into the place from the roof? What they didn't tell you is that's the Jewish Santa.

Having married a Jew, I'm now fully invested in her people's traditions. Every Christmas, to honor Mary and Joseph's search for a good nativity scene, we search for an open Chinese restaurant, having first taken in an uplifting movie. I'm told our uplifting choice this year is *Aquamensch*.



THE END IS IN SIGHT
No matter how the rest of your holidays went, you can always count on wrapping things up on New Year's Eve with "America's oldest teenager," Dick Clark. How he does it year after year I just don't know.

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